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THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

Men grow pale,  
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,  
And their free thoughts be crimes.

BYRON.

It is fortunate for the progress of liberality, that the advocates of exclusion cannot be closely pressed without occasionally making one of those admissions which ultimately tell against themselves. Mr. Peel has completely committed himself respecting the treaty of Limerick; and, as he has a character for consistency, it is to be hoped that he will not endeavour to preserve it at the expense of his judgment. He has pledged himself to modify his opinions on the Catholic Question, when convinced that the treaty entered into at Limerick between King William's general and the Catholic adherents of the unfortunate and imbecile James has been violated; at least, when convinced that that treaty guaranteed the Irish Catholics privileges, of which they are now deprived.

I do not expect to be able to throw any new light upon a question which has recently been made the subject of so much discussion; but, thinking that the parties more immediately concerned have unnecessarily encumbered a simple fact with a needless amplification of words and documents, I shall endeavour to reduce it to its original signification, and place it in that light which no casuistry can darken.

Mr. D'Israeli has written a curious chapter on the endless disputes which have arisen from the different interpretation of the same word; and, if there were not either precedents or general rules to guide, the ingenuity of lawyers and sophists had long since introduced distrust and confusion into society. The treaty of Limerick, like other documents, conceived in general language and needlessly prolix, will admit of many interpretations. Some of its terms are even contradictory; and perhaps there is no one article sufficiently explicit to exclude doubt, if taken in a literal sense. To come, therefore, to  
May, 1828.

a satisfactory conclusion, we must understand the intention and views of the contracting parties; and judge by what they thought of the treaty at the time, and not what writers and historians have thought of it a century after it was entered into.

Mr. Peel is partial to ethics, and a reformer of our statute law ought not to be ignorant of the obligations of contracting parties. 'Where the terms of a promise,' says Paley, 'admit of more senses than one, the promise is to be performed "in that sense in which the promiser apprehended, at the time that the promisee received it."'

'It is not the sense in which the promiser actually intended it, that always governs the interpretation of an equivocal promise; because, at that rate, you might excite expectations, which you never meant, nor would be obliged, to satisfy. Much less is it the sense, in which the promisee actually received the promise; for, according to that rule, you might be drawn into engagements which you never designed to undertake. It must therefore be the sense (for there is no other remaining) in which the promiser believed that the promisee accepted his promise.'

This will not differ from the actual intention of the promiser, where the promise is given without collusion or reserve: but we put the rule in the above form, to exclude evasion in cases in which the popular meaning of a phrase, and the strict grammatical signification of the words, differ; or, in general, wherever the promiser attempts to make his escape through some ambiguity in the expressions which he used.

Temures promised the garrison of Sebastia, that, if they would surrender, *no blood should be shed*. The garrison surrendered: and Temures buried them all alive. Now Temures fulfilled the promise in one sense, and in the sense too

in which he intended it at the time; but not in the sense in which the garrison of Sebastia actually received it, nor in the sense in which Temures himself knew that the garrison received it: which last sense, according to our rule, was the sense in which he was in conscience bound to have performed it.

'From the account we have given of the obligation of promises, it is evident, that this obligation depends upon the *expectations* which we knowingly and voluntarily excite. Consequently, any action or conduct towards another, which we are sensible excites expectations in that other, is as much a promise, and creates as strict an obligation, as the most express assurances.'

'A contract,' he subsequently observes, 'is a mutual promise. The obligation therefore of contracts, the sense in which they are to be interpreted, and the cases where they are not binding, will be the same as of promises.'

'From the principle established in the last chapter, "that the obligation of promises is to be measured by the expectation which the promiser any how voluntarily and knowingly excites," results a rule, which governs the construction of all contracts, and is capable, from its simplicity, of being applied with great ease and certainty, *viz.* That

*Whatever is expected by one side, and known to be so expected by the other, is to be deemed a part or condition of the contract.'*

The real question, then, is, what did the Irish Catholics, at the time of the treaty, think of the privileges which it guaranteed? 'When they came to capitulate,' says Burnet, 'the Irish insisted on very high demands; which was set on by the French, who hoped they would be rejected: but the king had given Ginkle secret directions, that he should grant all the demands they could make, that would put an end to that war: so every thing was granted, to the great disappointment of the French, and the

no small grief of some of the English, who hoped this war should have ended in the total ruin of the Irish interest. During the treaty, a saying of Sarsfield's deserves to be remembered; for it was much talked of all Europe over: he asked some of the English officers, if they had not come to a better opinion of the Irish, by their behaviour during this war; and whereas they said, it was much the same as it had always been: Sarsfield answered—As low as we now are, change but kings with us, and we will fight it over again with you. Those of Limerick treated not only for themselves, but for all the rest of their countrymen, that were yet in arms.'

It was not then from any reluctance manifested on the part of Ginkle that they did not demand more, but because they required only that which was fair and reasonable. They were secured, as they thought, in the privileges which they enjoyed under Charles II.; and that they confidently calculated on this we have abundant testimony.

On the meeting of parliament, in 1692, we find, according to the journals of the House of Lords,\* that Richard Lord Viscount Mountgarrett delivered his writ, kneeling, to the lord chancellor, who delivered it to the clerk to be read, which being done, his lordship took the oath of fidelity; and being demanded to take the other oath and make and subscribe the declaration according to the act made in England,† his lordship refused so to do, declaring it was not agreeable to his conscience: And thereon the lord chancellor acquainted the said lord viscount, that he knew the consequence of refusing to take the said oath and make and subscribe the said declaration, was, he could not sit in this house; and ordered him to withdraw.

'Nicholas Lord Viscount Kingsland (a Catholic peer) delivered his writ, kneeling, to the lord chancellor, took both the oaths, according to the act made in England; and being demanded to

\* Some silly persons have asserted that the Catholic peers were excluded from the House of Lords in the time of Charles II. The following extract from the journals of the House will settle the question.

'Ordered, that all lords, who are of the profession of the Church of England, shall pay for every time they are absent from prayers in the House, one shilling; and every lord of the *Roman Catholic religion*, that is absent a quarter, at the sitting of the House, one shilling.'

† Act for the abrogating the oaths of supremacy in Ireland, and appointing other oaths, 3 and 4 of William and Mary. It had not as yet received the sanction of the Irish parliament.



make and subscribe the declaration according to the said act, his lordship refused to take and subscribe the said declaration; and then withdrew.'

In 1695, we find the same Catholic noblemen again seeking to avail themselves of the privileges guaranteed them by the treaty of Limerick. According to the journals of the House of Lords, 'Richard Lord Viscount Mountgarrett delivered his writ, in the accustomed manner, to the lord chancellor, as speaker, who delivered the same to the clerk of the House, and then his lordship took the oath of fidelity, and being demanded to take the other oath, and subscribe the declaration, according to the act made in England, his lordship refused so to do, declaring it was not agreeable to his conscience, and thereon his lordship is ordered to withdraw.

'Nicholas Lord Viscount Kingsland delivered his writ; and then his lordship took the oath of fidelity, and being demanded to take the other oath, and subscribe the declaration; his lordship refused so to do, declaring it was not agreeable to his conscience, and thereon his lordship is ordered to withdraw.

'Thomas Lord Viscount Merryon delivered his writ; and then his lordship took the oath of fidelity, and being demanded to take the other oath, and subscribe the declaration; his lordship refused so to do, declaring it was not consistent with his religion, and thereon his lordship is ordered to withdraw.'

In addition to this we have the following protest, signed by fourteen names, entered upon the journals in 1697.

'We, the lords spiritual and temporal, whose names are hereafter subscribed, do dissent from the aforesaid vote, and enter our protest against the same, for the reasons following:

'I. Because we think the title of the bill doth not agree with the body thereof, the title being, "An act for the confirmation of articles made at the surrender of the city of Limerick;" whereas no one of the said articles is therein, as we conceive, fully confirmed.

'II. Because the said articles were to be confirmed in favour of them to whom they were granted, but the confirmation of them by the bill is such, that it puts them in a worse condition than they were before, as we conceive.

'III. Because this bill omits those material words, ("And all such as are

under their protection in the said counties,") which by his majesty's letters patent are declared to be part of the second article, and several persons have been adjudged within the said second article accordingly, who will if this bill pass into a law be entirely barred and excluded from any benefit of the said second article, by virtue of the aforementioned words, so that the words omitted being so very material, and confirmed by his majesty, after a solemn debate in council, as we are informed, some express reason, as we conceive, ought to have been assigned in the bill, in order to satisfy the world as to the omission.

'IV. Because several words are inserted in the bill, which are not in the articles, and others omitted altogether, which alter both the sense and meaning of some parts of the articles, as we conceive.

'V. Because we apprehend that many Protestants may and will suffer by this bill, in their just rights and pretensions, by reason of their having purchased and lent money upon the credit of the said articles; and, as we conceive, in several other respects.'

The Catholic peers were not the only persons who conceived that the treaty of Limerick was early violated. Sir Theobald Butler, at the bar of the House of Commons, holding the articles in his hand, described them as 'Articles solemnly engaged to them as the public faith of the nation; that all the Irish then in arms against the government had submitted thereunto, and surrendered the city of Limerick, and all the other garrisons in their possession, when they were in a condition to have held out till they might have been relieved by the succours then coming from France; that they had taken such oaths to the king and queen, as by the said articles they were obliged to take, &c. &c. That the case of the Gibeonites (2 Sam. xxi. 1.) was a fearful example of the breach of public faith, which, above an hundred years after, brought nothing less than a three years' famine on the land, and stayed not until the lives of all Saul's family atoned for it. That even among the heathens, and most barbarous of nations, all the world over, the public faith was always held sacred and binding; and that surely it would find no less regard in that honourable assembly.'

The answer given to the petitioners against the bill for the prevention of the further growth of popery decides the question. They were told, 'That if they were to be deprived of the benefit of the articles of Limerick, it would be their own faults; since, by conforming to the established religion, they would be entitled to these, and many other benefits; that therefore they ought not to blame any but themselves!!!'

This is conclusive; the Catholic peers claimed their privileges, and they were not told that the treaty of Limerick did not guarantee them; the people protested against a violation of the treaty, and they were not told that it was not being violated. Nay, fourteen Protestant peers recorded their protest against certain acts of the legislature as violations of the articles of Limerick. Harris, in his *Life of William III.* unequivocally admits that the treaty was violated; and it is a miserable subterfuge

to say that the articles were subject to the revision of parliament.

If Paley's ethical rule is, therefore, to be depended upon, the treaty of Limerick has undoubtedly been violated; the Catholics who assented to it declared that it was, and cotemporary Protestants were of the same opinion. No sophistry of Mr. Peel can evade this evidence; no forced interpretation of words and sentences can alter the obvious meaning of the contracting parties; and therefore it would be worse than useless to multiply words in describing that which is a plain matter-of-fact. Truth—naked truth—is all that honest men will require; and those who will not be convinced by a simple and plain statement will certainly be very unlikely to yield to the force of rhetorical artifice. Volumes have been written on the subject, but three or four pages would have contained all that ought to have been said upon so obvious a question. R.

TO ———

YES, I have sat and watched for thee,  
 From my lonely lattice-pane,  
 When floated afar on the sleeping sea,  
 The mariner's evening strain.  
 And Oh! I have caught, in that quiet hour,  
 Thy footsteps' distant fall,  
 Breaking the hush that o'er tide and tower  
 Had thrown its Elysian thrall,  
 And ever, as drew that dear step nigh,  
 My bosom beat faster, fonder,  
 Like harp-strings, uttering quick reply  
 To the fingers that o'er them wander.  
 Calm was the deep, as a cradled child,  
 And dimly on beach and bay,  
 Like a lamp half-quench'd, in its beauty smiled  
 The lingering sunset-ray.  
 I watched till the flush of fading light  
 Died like a dream before me,  
 And the glorious summer moon, broad and bright,  
 Rose in its radiance o'er me;  
 Yet I mark'd it not, for *thou* wert there,—  
 And, Oh! while I gazed on thee,  
 Could aught beside, in earth or air,  
 Have a charm of its own for me?  
 The scene is changed:—'mid the blossoming bowers  
 Of my lovely inland home,  
 Its wood-walks dark, and its dew-bright flowers,  
 When the wild thrush wakes, I roam.  
 And garden and grove around me bloom,  
 As a vision of fancy fair,  
 But over their beauty there broods a gloom—  
 My life-star is not there!  
 And sadly I dream of the distant shore,  
 And the loved and lonely cot,  
 And the voice and the form that shall come no more,  
 To bode me a brighter lot.

ANYCHER.

## AN EXCURSION IN THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

Now, hear me relate  
My story, which, perhaps, thou hast not heard.

MILTON.

THE story-telling propensities of the poorer classes of the people in the provincial parts of Ireland is proverbial, and it must be matter of surprise to any person who ever witnessed it, with what tenaciousness of memory an old matron, over whose hoary head more than sixty summers have passed, will retain the "Thousand and One" tales told by her sires for generations long past and gone; the vividness of coloring, and the particularization of every trifling incident serves to render the picture more complete to the hearers' senses, while their very souls are moved to soft and tender pity, at one time, and at another

——— Horror on them falls,

And horrid sympathy———

In every country where superstition holds her reign, the propensity to the relation of the marvellous is more or less predominant, and in proportion as the hand of civilization extends itself over any nation to smoothen away the rude and uncouth appearance of a people's manners, as the statuary on the rough and unfinished statue dexterously applies the practice of his art to produce the proper polish; so this love of traditional story-telling, and recounting the feats of love, the deeds of blood, or warfare, which passed on in prior ages, decreases. In large towns and cities this change is apparent, but the custom still retains its pristine vigor in the country towns and villages, hamlets, and huts of this island.

Four of us, young men, companions in the pursuit of harmless pleasure, sallied forth on a Sabbath morning, in the summer of 1827, to the village of Bray. This spot has become, of late, the fashionable retiring place of fond and faithful lovers who have just plighted to each other their mutual "troth" at the altar of the god Hymen. Leaving dull earth in the shape of Dublin behind them, they fly to spend the moon of honied enjoyments and sweeter delights in this romantic part of the country, and repeat their oft told tale of love to the whispering rocks and silent dells around, during

"The evening's walk, by the moon's quiet  
light,

When the heaven's are clear, and the waters  
are bright."

After our arrival, we breakfasted with the keen and healthful appetites of mountaineers, on what was, and is, always a rarity to citizens, new-laid eggs, the other etceteras not taken into account, and brushed up the hills, in the hope of seeing all that was to be seen, but in so transitory a visit, this was truly impossible, endless and unappalling variety being the feature of that delightful region.

As we proceeded from the village, along the road, to that range of hill, Brayhead, which nature, as it were, in a playful mood, notched out, a neat but elegant gate attracted our attention, and one of my companions, appositely translated the motto of the noble family, the entrance to whose mansion the family arms, and the appropriate device, ornaments chastely and beautifully—"vota, vita, mea." "My life for a vote," alluding to a late memorable contested election. We entered the demesne, and viewed the princely mansion of the Earl of Meath, at seeing which, one could fancy himself transported to some eastern clime, where the proud minarets of an imperial palace, or mosque, broke upon his view; the enchantment was still heightened, for it was under the glowing influence of a meridian sun we saw it, and every tree, shrub, and lovely flower, in all their native bloom and beauty, sweetly smiled to enliven the scene.

When that strongest of natural incitements, the impulse of a keen appetite, sharpened by unusual exercise and the fresh air, called us from our ramblings, to the village, we sat down, at the house of an old schoolfellow, to a rural repast; one, however, well calculated to allay the appetite of persons less squeamish—well-smoked bacon, and well-fed chickens; a cheerful glass of the native afterwards briskly circulated amongst us, and recalling to mind the varied incidents of our boyhood days, we soon wound around us a flowery link, which dissipated every care, but for the fleet and passing moments of enjoyment which were then within our grasp, Heaven knows for how long! and, I will only ask him, who ever has met at the festive board under such circumstances, and seen the friends of his earliest innocent hours around him, if he did not feel, as it were, an unusual halo of delight shed its mellow softening lustre on the scene, and his very eyes sparkle with a joy never before experienced; if he say he did not, I will 'leave him to his sorrow;' such a scene have I been more than once a witness to, and a joyous partaker in. *Dum vivimus, vivamus*, was the axiom we acted on, and as far as seeking virtuous (for it could not be termed other than virtuous) delight, we were true disciples of the Gargettian. In this, as in every instance, the harsh truth, that we are 'mere mortals,' stared us in the face, for the hours fled far away from us, the more so, as our own poet beautifully expresses it, for

Noiseless falls the foot of time,

That only treads on flowers.

Our avocations summoned us back to the city, and, on account of the advanced hour, no



vehicle was to be had, the only alternative that remained was to tramp it 'on Shank's mare,' as the phrase goes.

We had not proceeded more than a mile on our journey, when, by one of these sudden unaccountable phenomena of nature, surcharged masses of electric clouds poured down their contents in torrents, upon our heads, totally unprotected, as we were, nothing but light summer dresses to shield us from the 'pelting of the pitiless storm,' and the night being advanced, there was not a sheltering roof to receive us. In the cool, but not on that account the more comfortable mood, we pushed onward to the village of C——y, and the light of a candle flickering through a chink, or cranny in the window-shutter of a cabin, led us to hope for transitory shelter. Our assurance was made doubly sure by the song and glee of some noisy midnight bacchanals, who were enjoying their revel unmolested. We knocked, and speedily gained admittance, and entered, at once, into the kitchen, which served the double purpose of kitchen and tap-room—a blazing wood-fire dispensed its cheerful light, and threw into *chiaro scuro*, an odd melange of men, women, and children, carousing, a group worthy of a Salvator Rosa; the rafters were well ornamented with bacon and hams, hung up in the smoke, and the apartment showed every symptom of rural plenty and comfort.

Our miserable plight, drenched as we were, excited the pity of the landlady, (for it proved to be a shebeen house,) a fresh log was piled upon the ample hearth, which, together with a drop of the 'rale mountain dew, that never bore a bead, or saw the gallows eye of any guager,' soon restored us to a very comfortable and enviable state indeed. Our presence, for a while, damped the melody which, before existed, but it was soon resumed, and some of our party joined as vociferously as the most mirth-loving amongst them.

Songs, which bore evidence of the time when they were composed, fitted to arouse dormant spirits to exertions in the cause of the common country, were the only ones we heard, and they were lilted with as much earnestness and devotion as at the bloodiest period of the era when they were written. One of our companions, a strict loyalist from principle, seemed well inclined to combat with the harmonists, but when there were ten or fifteen lusty able-bodied peasants, many of them with their wives and children, any attempt at opposition would be marked insanity. So he was induced to listen patiently, the rest of us singing in our turn what we considered most suitable. Our loyal companion's feelings of allegiance forced an odd undergrowl from his lips, and produced a restless agitation in his eye, which more than once attracted the attention of the country lads; one, in particular, stood up, and marked him out, as 'a suspicious looking dog, not fit for

decent company;' the feeling flew like wild-fire, and, in a moment, all had him marked out as the destined victim of their revenge—he saw his danger, and, with much solicitation, we drew off 'the lions from their prey,' and he kept himself *in se* for the remainder of the time we were together. This affray, so luckily abated, quenched the ardour for singing—the rain still continued to pour incessantly and violently, but an old man, who seemed little inclined to quit the gay scene in a hurry, and who contributed more than his mite to the general good humour, volunteered a story, and as they all well knew Jim Byrne's prowess in that way, the proposal was, at once, hailed by all.

Picture to yourself, a long aged visage, a fine bald forehead, deeply marked with the furrows of time, hair perfectly white, and thinly scattered over it—his head slightly stooped from age, but the ruddy tinge of health, produced by labour, was upon his cheek, and the unabated fire of a more youthful time shone in his small sparkling eye; Jim put the polished pewter vessel to his head, and drank—'Speedy mancipation to the poor Cat'lics,' and then begun.

'You all know, it's myself, God help me, that lived in the county of Wexford, in the year *ninety-eight*, when the very pratie and cabbage-garden was manured with the bodies and bones of sum of the best fellows this Ireland ever produced, the Lord rest their souls, but as I was telling you, the martial law was proclaimed over the whole country, far and near, and it's poor Jim Byrne that felt the sore loss of it, sure enough, for at that time I was courting this old woman of mine here, (turning to a fine stout old woman, who sate beside him, with her silvery locks turned up off her forehead, under a clean white mob-cap, and a fine flashy green ribbon bound round the latter,) faith, a nate buxom lass she was, was Nelly Taylor, as you'd find in the seven parishes round. It was myself had many a wild-goose chase home from seeing Nelly in the evenings, for if I was seen out after sunset, it would be before justice Palmer I'd find myself, and, perhaps, the bloody thieves would'n't even take the trouble of shooting me decent, but hang me like a dog, and leave me there. Well, my jewels, one night, I had just got into bed, and tired enough I was, faith, for we were getting in the oats all day, an' I went over, in the evening, to Currinane, to see Nelly. By the time I got home, I was tired enough, and went to bed: I was hardly down, when my father, at the foot of the step-ladder, for I slep' in the cockloft, roared out, Jim! myself pretended not to hear him, but he roars out, Jim, again. Jim snored out loud, that he might think I was asleep, but he says Jim, tear-and-turf, he says, why don't you get up and open the door: don't you hear the man

rappin, and shure enough I heard, rap, rap, rap, at the door, I got up, and came down to the door, and asked, "who's there?" "It's me," says a voice outside. "Who are you?" says I. "Arrah, don't you know me?" says he, "by my sowl, it's myself thought it was some of the Yeomanry that cum for me," but, says I, "I won't open the door," says I, "until you tell me who you are?" "Arrah, don't you know Paddy, the piper?" "Whi' then, bad luck to you, is it yourself that comes here at this unreasonable hour to disturb dacent people; an't you afraid of being taken up by the sodgers?" "Ah, won't you give us a night's lodging?" says he. Says I, "there's the cow-house yonder open, you may go in, and take a doze there as long as you like." "God bless you," says Paddy, an' away he goes, glad to get any shelter, and myself went to bed. Paddy got himself down on a clane litter, and put his pipes under his head, and slep' as sound as a top. It happened to be a beautiful moonlight night, and the moon shining in on poor Paddy's eyes, 'wakened him. He gets up, thinking it was broad daylight, claps his pipes under his arm, and away he bolts for the fair of Gramore, that was to be held next day. Paddy jogged along very gaily, thinking what tunes he could play best to coax the girls out of their halfpence, when all on a sudden, he was roused out of his doldrum with an unexpected blow in the forehead, which stunned him a little. On looking up, what do you think he saw? nothing more or less than a man hanging, for in those days they thought as little of hanging a man, as I would of killing a grasshopper. Paddy, to be sure, was a little astonished, but, looking up again, he saw the poor fellow had a fine pair of trooper's boots, boots, you know, that reached up to the knee, and, looking down at his own bare spaughs\*, says he, "by my soul, it's a pity, my boy, that you should have such a fine pair of boots, and the devil as much as a screed on poor Paddy's feet; so with that, my jewel, he catches hold of one of the poor dead man's legs, to pull off the boots, and, behold you, the branch of the elm tree bent down with the pull, and the devil a stir Paddy could stir the boots, if it was to save his life; but as Paddy was niver taken at nonplush—be gor—he takes his knife, for he always carried a big gardener's knife about him, and, says he, "I may as well cut off the legs just at the knees, and, as I see its so early, I'll bring them with me back to ould Byrne's cow-house, and rest myself for a few hours longer. So away my old Paddy nicks off the poor corpse's legs, and claps one under one arm, and another under the other, catches the pipes by the bags, between his teeth, and jogs back to the barn. Well, my jewel, to the barn Paddy comes, and he sticks the dead man's legs under the straw,

puts his pipes as usual under his head, and fell fast asleep in earnest. By-and-by who should come by but the rale rebels, and carries Paddy off, pipes and all, and the devil a one of them Paddy ever heard.

'In the morning Tom the cow-boy got up to look after the cattle, and waken the girl, and other little matters. The night before he heard me bidding Paddy go to the cow-house, so the first place he goes to was the cow-house to rouse the piper, and he sees one foot sticking out from under the straw. "Paddy!" says he, "why don't you get up?" Oh the devil a word answered Paddy. "Paddy!" he roars out again—no Paddy answered, so he stoops down and catches hold of the foot (thinking it was Paddy's) to pull him out of his nest, when, to his surprise and astonishment, the foot came with him, and he fell on his back in a heap of dung that was behind him: he says no more, but runs into my father with the leg in his fist, crying out, "Murdher! murdher!" "What's the matter?" says my father. "The matter!" says Tom, "why I knew there never would be luck or grace in the house since that damned mhuil† cow came into it—botheration to me if she didn't eat the piper, pipes and all. All she left of him was the legs; here's one o'them. My father put the sign of the cross on himself, and could'n't believe his eyes till he went to the cow-house himself, and found the other leg of the poor piper. "Take her out immediately," says my father; "take her out, Tom," says he, "and bring her to the fair of Gramore, and sell her to the first bidder." Poor Tom, you may guess, didn't much like the job neither, but so soon as he got his breakfast he drives the mhuil before him to the fair, an faith its Tom's ownself that kept a proper distance: "For," says he, "since she was devil enough to eat poor Paddy, who knows but she might finish my job; an its I that wouldn't like to have my poor bones buried away from my ould parents in the church-yard of Larraghmore, immediately joining Father O'Toole's grave—a lucky spot." And many a pater and ave Tom said on his way, to purtect him from the cow's guts and grinders.

'At length poor Tom came to Gramore, and when he entered the green where the fair was held, there was plenty of tints, an dancing, an fighting; but the first tent the cow passed there was a piper lilting away, and the cow was naturally attracted with the music, so she looks into the tent, and stood stock still. Tom roars out, "Take that piper out o'that, or the cow'll eat him, pipes and all: for God's sake! take the piper away, good people; you don't know what a taste for music that cow has. Devil burn me if she didn't breakfast on a piper already this morning."

'Tom looked nearer into the tent, and who should he spy, my jewel, but Paddy, the rale

\* Feet.

† Without horns.

Paddy that the *mhúil* eat in the morning; he thought he was a ghost; he couldn't b'lieve his eyes that 'twas the same Paddy, until he went up and shook hands with him, and asked him how he contrived to cum there. Paddy up, and he tould him how the rebels carried him off, body and bones; and how he escaped from their clutches, and cum to the fair to try and earn a penny in honesty, "and here I am," he says, "and Tom, wont you be afther lookin' out for a nate partner for yourself, and you must have the very best tune in

the bag," says Paddy. So they jigged it merrily, until Tom thought it was time to sell the cow; and may be they didn't drink, dance, and sing rings round 'em, and small blame to them afterwards.'

Here our humourous narrator concluded his story, to the no small amusement of his auditory. The rain abated in a short time, and we trudged it merrily homewards; escaping, with considerable difficulty, from our jovial companions, who actually volunteered to accompany us lest any thing might happen to us.

#### BY THE MOUNTAIN GLEN.

BY D. S. L.

By the mountain glen, in the summer hour,  
When the sweet wind kisses each opening flower;  
By the blue lake's breast, at the twilight birth,  
When evening sits on the sleepy earth,  
I have wander'd forth, with my own deep thought,  
To dream on each hope, from the soft time caught.

By the orient blaze of the sun-god's beam,  
Wreathing its light o'er each silver stream;  
By its noon-day breath on the spicy grove,  
When earth and heaven are made for love:  
I have gazed on the sky, and my ceaseless prayer  
Has been for life, and for glory, there.

But my heart is sorrowed, and I have nought  
To fling a hope round my lonely lot;  
And the mountain glen, and the silent lake,  
With no flash of joy on my visions break,  
For the trance of youth, from its sleep of years,  
Hath waked on a world of grief and tears.

I would not dwell 'mid a vale of flowers,  
Nor a garden land of myrtle bowers;  
I would not love the loveliest thing,  
Of the poet's fair imagining;  
Nor would I live where the genii are,  
In a clime of sun, and of gems, afar.

Ah! no! be it mine to tread alone,  
O'er a briary path to Jehovah's throne,  
And the rock shall be the richest shrine  
To receive each hallow'd gift of mine,  
Till life is o'er, and till TIME shall be,  
No fount of joy or of woe for me.

#### SONNET.

BY D. S. L.

I LOV'D thee well, when in thy beauty's blaze  
My young eye dwelt on thine. The love, the light  
Of thy soul's majesty, surpassing bright,  
Were heaven and all to me in those pure days!  
Lady! I am not now what I was then.  
The loneliness of sorrow, and the night  
Of misery have been to me—a blight  
That well may sweep me from my fellow-men.  
My life has been in mourning more than smiles:—  
The spirit's crush—the heart's ruin—the tears—  
The listlessness of grief have mock'd my toils,  
And been to me the 'starlight' of my years:  
Then wonder not if never now my hand  
Can wake the lyre, sweet love, at thy command.



## WILSON'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.\*

MR. WILSON is a most indefatigable traveller, and being withal a communicative gentleman, he takes care to publish an account of all he sees and hears. Undeterred by some ill-natured ridicule, and the danger of bad roads, rough seas, impertinent landlords, and the jealousy of despotic princes, he goes forward; and, if he continue in his present course for a few years more, he will, like Alexander, have to lament that the globe is not more ample than it really is. Critics may form what opinion they please of the utility and worth of his labours, he regards them not; the public reads; and that, we suspect, answers his purpose quite as well as the approval of periodical reviewers. Being, what thoughtless men call, a 'Saint,' he has no reverence for the opinion of the profane. With one so incorrigible it is in vain to remonstrate; and, though there are several passages which call loudly for critical reproof, we shall content ourselves with a brief account of the author's progress.

On the 27th of May, 1824, Mr. Wilson set out from London to Harwich, where he embarked; and, having spent some time at Hamburg, proceeded to Berlin. Having seen all the lions of the place, he set out for Dantzic; and, after encountering a variety of difficulties, arrived safely at St. Petersburg. He spent much time in visiting the Russian palaces, and gives us the following description of the present emperor's apartments:

'The apartments occupied by the emperor, which are seventeen in number, are very plain, and rather low. His bed is similar to a sofa, with a red leather mattress, and a green canopy and curtains; there is also a shower bath, with curtains like a bed. In the extensive gardens, or rather park, attached to this palace, are artificial lakes, with pleasure boats, but the water is extremely muddy. These gardens, as well as that of the land-cadet corps, are open to the public; yet are not much visited, the favourite rendezvous and promenade of all classes, being the spacious and magnificent quays along the river, which certainly surpass every thing of the kind in any other European capital. None, in fact, possesses a river flowing through it, at all to be compared with the Neva, either for its beautiful winding course, its expanse of water, or the crystal pellucidity of its stream. This magnificent palace was erected with a degree of celerity altogether unparalleled; and to keep pace with Potemkin's impetuosity, fifteen hundred men worked during the night by torch-light. A canal, which is at the back of the building, was made in a couple of weeks, some thousands of labourers being employed on it.'

Though a pious man, he visited the theatre. The great theatre, which was built by Thomond, a French architect, is an extensive structure, with a noble Ionic portico of eight columns, occupying nearly the whole front. There are twenty-four boxes, and two ranges of apartments above. The imperial box, which is supported by four statues, is in front of the stage, as in the theatre of Berlin. There are no benches in the pit, but armed-chairs lined with velvet, each of which is numbered, as well as the tickets of admission to correspond with them; an arrangement that prevents much confusion and scrambling for seats, since every one, let him arrive at what time he may, is certain of finding the chair indicated by his ticket vacant. This is a regulation that deserves to be adopted in our own country; at least, no more should be allowed to enter the doors than what the pit will conveniently hold; by which means many accidents might be prevented. And although the receipts of the house might thus be abridged by a few pounds on particular nights, it may be doubted whether, on the whole, the managers would not be gainers by such arrangement; as many persons would be induced to go, who are now unwilling to encounter the formidable rush at the doors, and squeeze in the theatre itself. There are two drop-curtains; one a composition representing the coliseum of Rome, Trajan's column, &c. the other, a view of the triumphal arch erected on occasion of the Emperor Alexander's entry into his capital on July 30, 1814. The orchestra contains thirty musicians. The performers do not enter from the side wings, but by a door in the back scene; this being supposed to have a better effect. Intimation of the commencement of the performance is given by a person from behind stamping his foot. Notwithstanding its splendour, the house has a gloomy appearance, being lighted only by a chandelier from the ceiling. The door-keepers are dressed in a kind of uniform, consisting of a red coat with a broad cape, and such as we had not seen in any place of the kind in Europe. More attention is evidently paid to persons who appear in military costume than to those in any other dress. In short, a man is every thing in the eyes of a Russian in a military uniform, and, in reality, nothing in a plain coat.

'The next place to which we directed our steps was the Imperial Library, situate in the Nevsky Prospect; which we were the more anxious to visit, having been given to understand, by a person of distinguished rank, that it contained a number of very valuable manuscripts, many of which related to the history of our own country, and which we obtained

\* *Travels in Russia, &c. &c.* By William Rae Wilson, Esq. London, 1828. Longman and Co. May, 1828.

permission to examine. The building, which is rather what may be termed handsome than grand, was commenced in 1795, by the architect Sokolov; but he dying shortly after, it was completed by Rusco. The interior is exceedingly well planned, spacious, and commodious; and among the apartments is a very elegant circular room, with columns of the Ionic order. Of this collection, which contains three hundred and fifty thousand printed volumes, and twelve thousand manuscripts, the celebrated Zalusky library, that was removed hither from Warsaw, may be considered as the nucleus. The classification here adopted, is at once simple and perspicuous, the books being arranged in three grand divisions; viz. the sciences, arts, and philology. There are seven librarians, and as many sub-librarians; of whom the former have salaries of twelve hundred, and the latter nine hundred rubles. These officers are obliged to sleep in the house. The library has of late years received a great acquisition of French works and manuscripts, which had been collected by Dubrovsky, who was in the suite of the Russian ambassador at Paris at the period of the revolution, when he was enabled to obtain them for almost any thing. The whole of these he sold to government for sixty thousand rubles. Two copies of every book published must be presented to this library; and it may be added, that four hundred publications appeared the year before we visited Russia.

'The first manuscript I shall mention, contains letters from Mary Queen of Scots to Elizabeth; and here it may be asked, where are we to find a name on the page of history that has excited more sympathy than this unfortunate queen—so beautiful, so accomplished; the victim of her rival's caprice and deep-rooted jealousy? On Mary's escape from the castle of Lochleven, she addressed a letter to Elizabeth from Workington, entreating for an asylum. Her missal, which is here shown, and which is bound in dark blue velvet secured by clasps, consists of two hundred and thirty pages. The first thirteen have the months and days of the year where particular prayers are introduced, commencing in January with the thirtieth psalm. This book is illuminated with subjects from the Life of Christ and the Virgin Mary. The first is a picture of the angel Gabriel, and at the bottom of the page are these words—"Ce livre est à moi, Marie Royne."

In the Appendix some of Mary's letters are given, but they do not possess much interest, even if genuine, which we much doubt. Before quitting St. Petersburg he describes a curious ceremony.

'During winter an odd ceremony takes place, namely, that of pronouncing a benediction on the Neva. This religious rite, at which the imperial family are always present, is marked with extraordinary pomp. A tem-

ple of wood is erected on the ice, near the Admiralty, with an effigy of John the Baptist, and ornamented with paintings representing various acts connected with the life of our Saviour. In the centre is suspended a figure of the Holy Spirit over a hole perforated in the ice, around which carpets are spread. The military are formed into line along the river; the bells of the churches are rung; cannon are fired; while the metropolitan, accompanied by a number of dignified ecclesiastics, enter this sanctum sanctorum. The metropolitan dips a crucifix into the aperture in the ice three times, uttering at the same time a prayer or ejaculation; and on this occasion St. Nicholas comes in for his share of adoration, as an indispensable part of the ceremony, a prayer being especially addressed to him. The pontiff then sprinkles the water on the people around, and also upon the colours of the regiments. On departure of the procession, a scramble takes place among the crowd, every one striving to kiss the sacred aperture. Nor do they omit, likewise, to carry away with them to their homes some of the water itself, to which they ascribe great virtue, particularly for purifying those infected with certain diseases. This ludicrous exhibition takes place in the month of January. It may be further mentioned, that it is a practice in the Greek church to extend its blessings even to inanimate objects, and it is supposed that the safety or destruction of those depend on the degree of fervour with which the benediction is bestowed.'

The vexations to which foreigners are subjected in their progress through Russia are numerous and irksome. The government exhibits in all its acts the fear which ever accompanies despotism. A joke is a serious thing in Russia.

'The jealousy of the Russian government is too notorious to require any proofs; yet to show that even a joke cannot be uttered with impunity, I will here relate an anecdote, communicated to me on unquestionable authority. In 1823, at a meeting of the Academy of Arts, three ministers were proposed as members; on which the vice-president, a man of considerable talent, and far more of the artist than the courtier, objected to their admission, as being quite unqualified. It was urged, in reply, that they were near the person of the emperor, and might be of use to the institution. In some desultory conversation after the meeting had broken up, the vice-president, animadverting on the ineligibility of those who had been nominated, said that the Academy might as well have elected the emperor's coachman, as he too was near his person, and quite as much an artist as the individuals in question. This pleasantry did not fail to reach the ears of Miloradovich, and the unfortunate wit was summoned before him, and asked whether he really uttered the remark



imputed to him. Disdaining to have recourse to any subterfuge, he replied that he had, but quite jocosely, and without in the least intending to reflect on those to whom it was applied. This, however, availed nothing: he was ordered to quit St. Petersburg in four-and-twenty hours, and proceed to enjoy the cool air of Siberia, as being best adapted to persons of his lively temperament. It is suspected, however, that no notice would have been taken of what had passed, had it not been for the president, who was jealous of his talents, and availed himself of this opportunity to get him expelled from the institution.

The nobility are no great favourites with Mr. Wilson.

'In one or two instances I have spoken somewhat harshly, not to say contemptuously, of the nobility of Russia; and we certainly heard some anecdotes that displayed a meanness almost bordering on dishonesty. But even granting them to be individually true, it does not follow that the persons of whom they were related, were fair and average specimens of the class to which they belonged. Certain it is, that there are among the higher classes of them many men of liberal opinions and highly cultivated minds; several who apply themselves to poetry, the belles-lettres, and the sciences; while the number of literary and patriotic societies that have been formed of late years, show that the Russians appreciate the value of literature and the liberal arts. To compare their efforts with those of other countries, some of which have long since attained, and have now passed their zenith, would be unjust; but they certainly are advancing, and may perhaps distinguish themselves in every branch of science as much as those who affect to consider it impossible that taste or knowledge should visit the gelid north. But that theory which would limit or parcel out intellect according to climate ought surely not to meet with much regard from us, unless we also be disposed to relinquish our own pretensions, and consent to be branded with the insulting epithet of *tramontani*.'

At Berlin, Mr. Wilson was as inquisitive as a traveller, who intends to print his journal, ought to be.

'We did not fail to visit the rooms once occupied by the great Frederick, whose memory is so intimately connected with almost every part of his capital. The windows are in front of a bridge thrown over the Spree, where he had always before his eyes the statue of Frederick the First, which is a most striking and commanding object. Here are the portraits of those who had enjoyed his peculiar friendship. As no incident respecting this illustrious personage can fail to be interesting, the following is here given as being characteristic of the royal philosopher:—Just after His Majesty had imposed a high tax on coffee, he perceived a crowd assembled near the

palace, and sent a valet to enquire the cause. On his return, the domestic made some hesitation to give his royal master the information required; but the King insisting on being informed, was told that an effigy was exhibited in the act of grinding coffee. On asking why the mob kept jumping up so, he was told it was because the figure was raised too high. His Majesty at once took the hint, and said, "Let it be lowered, that the people may see it more distinctly;" and from that time the duty was taken off.

'This anecdote reminds us of one nearly similar respecting the Empress of Russia, who enquired of some fishermen if they were satisfied with their situation. It was answered they should be, particularly with the sturgeon fishery, if their profits had not been diminished, by being obliged to send so great a quantity to her stables. The hint was taken; and the subject of complaint removed, the Empress remarking that she was ignorant her horses had fed upon sturgeons.'

Between Berlin and Dantzic the scenery is greatly diversified.

'After changing horses, we traversed for some way a country covered with wood, till, on a sudden, it changed to barren heath, where yellow broom, and many wild flowers, were wasting their sweets on the desert air. On the sides of the road many of the trees were the very images of winter, their leaves having been totally devoured by the *maikafer*, an insect the size of a beetle, and, I believe, known in England under the name of cockchaffer: it subsists on the leaves of trees; but avoids those of the lime. As it often strikes against objects when flying, it is presumed to be blind; and this has occasioned the proverb, "As blind as a beetle." Their ravages are often equal to those of locusts, and in their flight they have been known to darken the air. They commit great destruction here; and, on shaking a tree, thousands of them drop off.

'The great diversity of scenery which occurs in the course of a few miles, is very remarkable: in one place, a rich country, with luxuriant crops, will appear; this is succeeded by one totally covered with wood; and again, by a third of barren sandy heath. After passing Göttingen the country became highly picturesque; for, on each side, was a chain of high hills, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and covered to the top with wood. These green ramparts of foliage, the luxuriant crops, and villages enclosed with trees, formed altogether the finest scenery we had seen in this country. We were also agreeably surprised to find that the toilsome sandy tract was passed, and that we were now on a substantial line of road, covered with gravel, and adorned with trees at measured distances; nor is a better road to be found in England.'

Dantzic is an antiquated place.

'The general physiognomy of the buildings,



however, is very striking; having an air of antiquity beyond that of almost any place we had before visited. The houses, which are built of brick, are narrow in front, are from five to six stories in height, and exhibit great diversity of form. Most of them are full of windows, and ornamented with various devices and fantastical effigies. The streets are narrow, and there are no foot-pavements, as the space is completely occupied by enormous projections and antiquated stairs in front of the houses. Some of them have massive iron railings, with brass ornaments, and others are altogether of stone, with grotesque figures of lions, eagles, and fish, and enormous balls. Beneath these projections are booths, and in front of the houses are large wells. We may presume that these singular constructions are considered beautiful; for they have certainly neither convenience nor any other advantage to recommend them, or rather, are positive incumbrances and nuisances; yet an artist might consider them picturesque.

Neither are the people very prepossessing.

Here, the stranger's curiosity is attracted by the crowds of natives of Poland, who resort to this city (Dantzic). Of the wretchedness and squalidity of this class of people, it is almost impossible to form an adequate idea. Some of them actually appeared to resemble those Arabs I had seen at Jericho, being almost in a state of nudity, and others would have made excellent scarecrows. Their dress is a coarse shirt, reaching almost to the heels, and so filthy as to be quite disgusting; brown coats of the roughest texture, rags of stockings, and skins tied round their feet with cord, complete their uncouth attire. Their countenances are of a copper colour, and they wear long hair, and round rough caps. From the similarity in point of dress, it was often extremely difficult to distinguish the men from the women; and so far are the latter from being entitled to the epithet "fair," that they may, from their filthiness, be denominated the "foul" sex; their children, too, are almost naked, and completely of a tanned colour. The native females of Dantzic, however, are the most beautiful of any we had seen; yet, to judge from appearances, little can be said in favour of their virtue, for we never before witnessed so many instances of frailty, or so many female servants at the hotels in a state of pregnancy, as here.

We suspect that there is a little exaggeration here; indeed, Mr. Wilson is so correct in his own morals, that we fear he has not sufficient charity towards the failings of his neighbours. An attractive man like him, ought not to wonder, if the ladies raise their eyes as he passes by. Speaking of Konisberg, Mr. Wilson, says—

'On the projecting landing before the doors chairs are placed, and these are usually occupied by groups, who prefer this public situation

to the retirement of their sitting-rooms. Here the men smoke and lounge, and the women employ themselves with needle-work, casting, in the meanwhile, many an inquisitive, and often roguish glance, on the passengers in the streets.'

On entering Russia he encountered a formidable revenue officer, who seems to have had as little respect as the critics, for his travels in the Holy Land.

'I had but one book in my portmanteau, and this was a volume of my *Travels in the Holy Land*, which was intended as a present to the emperor. It was, however, instantly seized upon; the officers took it into another room, and shut the door; but it being in the English language, they could not tell what were its contents, and demanded the nature of the publication. On my Russian servant informing them that it was for his Imperial Majesty, and if they chose they might attach the lead to it, with the official mark, and send it to St. Petersburg, they again held a consultation, and sent for the principal douanier. We were then ordered into the apartment, where was a most ferocious-looking fellow with a drawn sword, whose appearance was well calculated to inspire awe; he stood on one side, in an erect attitude like a statue, beside an enormous pair of scales suspended from the ceiling; and after much conversation, through the medium of my interpreter, the volume was returned.'

The scenery was very fine, but the peasantry very miserable.

'We scarcely met a vehicle of any description the whole day, and the few peasants we passed were deplorably clothed, many of them, with their children, being actually in rags. The women, who are dressed in coarse jackets and petticoats, have a great squalidity of countenance, and their persons are quite disgusting; their breasts, like those of women I have seen in Greece, hanging down, and their shifts have two enormous buckles, the size of small biscuits, as a kind of ornament under the throat. Before every house there is a clumsy well, with chains for pulling up water in buckets, and covered with a roof of pantile resting on a log of wood on each side. At every other farmhouse also are two posts, with cross-beams at top, and with two long branches suspended from them, to which a piece of wood is affixed below as a seat, for the purpose of enjoying the exercise of swinging.

'Having passed through Bachof and Dobilis, we shortly after entered upon a piece of road so sandy, that it was with the utmost difficulty the carriage could proceed at all. We now, however, began to meet several carts, some drawn by eight, and others by four horses, abreast; and found that we were approaching to some place of importance. The peasants wear a coarse coat, of a pepper and salt colour, which appears here to be the favourite hue.

This garment is very long, and plaited very full round the waist, so as to form a kind of petticoat. The females have their heads bound round with a handkerchief, and merely a petticoat and shift; and some of them have neither shoes nor stockings. Others wear a species of leather sandal on the soles of their feet, which is tied round the ankle. The children are exceedingly ragged, and many have only a shirt. The houses are built of wood, and the smoke escapes through the door, as is the case in the Highlands of Scotland.'

The Russian peasantry have enemies to contend with, hardly less formidable than the jealousy of their government.

The wolves in Livonia commit great destruction, and a curious document has been published by government, showing the extent of their ravages in 1823. There is said also to be a rare insect here, called the *furia infernalis*, described by Linnæus. During hot weather, it falls on persons from the air, and its bite produces a swelling which often proves fatal, unless remedies are instantly applied. It is so diminutive as hardly to be visible to the naked eye.

The wolves, in 1823, devoured 1841 horses, 1807 horned cattle; 15,182 sheep; 2645 goats; 4190 swine; 703 dogs; 1243 foals; 733 calves; 726 lambs; 183 kids; 312 sucking pigs; 673 geese.'

At Dorpat he saw female bricklayers, and on leaving that town he observed women engaged in occupations quite as little suited to feminine delicacy.

We observed several females working in the fields, dressed in a kind of long chemise, which was tucked up, so as not to interrupt the freedom of their motion; be it observed, however, they wore trowsers; so that, after all, their appearance was less indecorous than that of the nymphs of the opera, who adopt the more illusive attire of tight pantaloons. On their heads they wore a plating of variegated straw, somewhat like a crown; the other extremity of their persons was not so superfluously decorated; for, like some of the brawny daughters of Caledonia, they had neither shoes nor stockings. Altogether they exhibited a very wild and fantastic appearance, and their habitations were quite as uncouth as themselves, having no other chimney than a small window, through which the smoke was suffered to escape; and frequently it rushed out in such a body, as, at first sight, to lead us to think the house was on fire.'

Speaking of the district of Rakhino, he says,

The dress of the females in this district was rather peculiar; for their hair was divided into two parts, platted, and hanging down their backs, with a riband attached at the extremity of each tail, as I observed among the females at Athens. They wore no stays, their shifts were drawn up to their collar-bones, and had large hanging sleeves to the elbows. The

rest of their apparel consisted of a short petticoat brought up under the arm, and suspended on the back by a broad top.

From what we observed of their husbandry, the peasantry appeared to have made no great proficiency in agriculture; for instead of rooting up stumps of trees in the fields, they contented themselves with ploughing between them. The plough itself is very low, and of singular shape; some idea may be formed of it from a hay-fork, with a cross at top, to represent the handle, and shafts inside. Drove of white and grey oxen were to be seen in many places by the side of the road, with some of the herdsmen sleeping on the ground, and others lighting fires and boiling pots, so that they appear, like their animals, to live without shelter. In several villages the streets were not paved, but floored with planks of wood. From the great number of horses belonging to carts, that we saw unyoked, and straggling about on the sides of the road, it seems that it is not the custom for drivers to put up in the villages, but to turn them loose, and let them ramble where they choose. The owners, therefore, must have not a little confidence in the honesty of those who may pass by, for they leave their horses and goods quite unprotected, while they themselves indulge in sound sleep.'

The Moscovites, it appears, shoot children into the world.

If the Russians are famous for casting bells of enormous weight, they may be considered equally so for gunnery; for in the arsenal is to be seen a cannon, that was cast, in 1556, on a scale of extraordinary magnitude, with a calibre of one hundred and twenty pound. The object of making it so large is said to have been to strike terror into the Tartars who had come to Moscow. It certainly has recently proved useful in one respect—for a child was born within this machine of death; so that the young Russian may be said to have been shot into the world from a cannon's mouth.'

Mr. Wilson, although a shrewd man, does not possess the faculty of condensing his information. Prodigious of words, he bestows a multitude on every thing he saw, and not unfrequently conceals his meaning under a load of verbiage. We have extracted nearly all that is new and valuable in his two volumes; but it would be injustice to Mr. Wilson, to say that these give a correct idea of the spirit in which his work is written. His hatred of popery is apparent in every page; and we must add, that a more disgusting display of bigotry and intolerance we never witnessed, than is exhibited in these travels. He was horror-struck at the superstition of the Russians; and saw with regret that the Greek Church, in all its ceremonies, approximated very closely to the Church of Rome. Notwithstanding his propensity, however, to vilify and quote Scripture, Mr. Wilson's work contains some curious facts.



## ON THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

By the late Henry Neele, Esq.\*

ALTHOUGH, in a period of elegance and refinement, there is not a more certain 'sign of the times' than a taste for dramatic entertainments; yet the fact is, that these had their origin in the rudest and most uninformed ages of society. In ancient Greece, Thespis, the father of tragedy, represented his dramas on a sort of cart or moveable stage, which was drawn from place to place, and his actors sang and danced alternately, with their faces smeared with wine-lees.

'Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camænæ  
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,  
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti facibus  
ora.'

Hor. Art. Poet.

In England, in the same way, the original of those magnificent structures which are now dedicated to the dramatic Muses, were moveable pageants drawn about upon wheels; afterwards, the court-yards of inns and hostelrys were chosen for dramatic representation, the floor forming what we now call the pit of the theatre, and the balconies or galleries around being occupied as the boxes and the stage. Public theatres do not appear to have been erected till about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. The drama, it is also worthy of remark, although it has become the theme of constant depreciation among modern puritans, as it was formerly among the ancient philosophers, had its origin in religious ceremonies. The hymns or odes sung in honour of Bacchus and other deities in Greece, and the mysteries and moralities of earlier times in England, were the rude foundations on which were erected the splendid superstructures of Æschylus, and Euripides, and Sophocles, of Shakspeare, of Fletcher, and of Otway. Modern readers shudder at the impiety of the ancients who represented their gods in *propria persona* upon the stage, while it is not less true, although less generally known, that in our own country the divine Persons of

the Trinity, the good and evil angels, the prophets and the apostles, were in the same manner personated upon the theatre.

The first regular comedy which appeared in England, was 'Gammer Gurton's Needle.' The precise time of its first representation is unknown, but an edition of it is said, by Chetwood, to have been printed in 1551. The copy which Dodsley used for his Collection of Old Plays, was printed in 1575. 'In this play,' says Hawkins, 'there is a vein of familiar humour, and a kind of grotesque imagery, not unlike some parts of Aristophanes, but without those graces of language and metre for which the Greek comedian is eminently distinguished.' There is certainly much whim and wit in many of the situations; and the characters, although rudely, are forcibly delineated. The plot is simple and coarse enough. Gammer Gurton has lost her needle, and just when she despairs of ever finding it, it is discovered sticking to her servant Hodge's breeches, which she had lately been employed in mending. The fine old song, beginning, 'Back and side go bare, go bare,' with which the second act of this play opens, is of itself sufficient to rescue it from oblivion.

Lord Buckhurst's Gorboduc is the first regular tragedy which ever appeared in England. The plot is meagre and uninteresting, the diction cumbrous and heavy, and the characters ill conceived and hastily drawn. The dawn of English tragedy was, therefore, at least as gloomy as its meridian was splendid. George Peele, the author of 'The Loves of King David and fair Bethsabe,' was a writer of a very different stamp, although not possessing much force and originality. There is a vein of pathos and unaffected feeling in this play, and a sweetness and flow of versification, which we look for in vain in the writings of his contempo-

\* This gentleman, whose melancholy fate, we, in common with the admirers of literature and genius, deeply deplore, was a frequent contributor to the 'Dublin and London.' Among other articles, the 'Memoirs of Shakspeare Jingle' was from his pen; and the present essay is so creditable to his talents, that we are happy in having an opportunity of laying it before the public. It was written for a periodical of great promise; but as the work fell stillborn from the press, we do not think it necessary to make any apology for its appearance in our pages, though not originally intended for our publication.



raries. Lily, who turned the heads of the people by his Euphuism, which has been so happily ridiculed by the author of *Waverley*, in the character of Sir Piercie Shafto, in the *Abbot*, was nevertheless an author of distinguished merit. In his *Cupid and Campaspe*, especially, we find touches of genuine poetry and unsophisticated nature. 'The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad again,' by Thomas Kyd, is valuable only for one scene, which is supposed to have been interpolated by a later hand, and has been attributed by various commentators to Jonson, to Webster, and to

Shakspeare. It is not unworthy of either of those writers, but is most probably the property of the first, to whom (as has been ascertained by a discovery made a few years ago at Dulwich college) two sundry payments were made by the theatre for additions to this tragedy. Hieronimo, whose son has been murdered, goes distracted, and wishes a painter to represent the fatal catastrophe upon canvas. He finds that the artist is suffering under a bereavement similar to his own. There is something powerfully affecting in the following dialogue:—

*The PAINTER enters.*

*Painter.* God bless you, Sir.

*Hieronimo.* Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain!

How, where, or by what means should I be blest?

*Isabella.* What would you have, good fellow?

*Paint.* Justice, Madam.

*Hieron.* Oh! ambitious fellow, wouldst thou have that That lives not in the world?

Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy

An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.

I tell thee, God has engross'd all justice in his hand,

And there is none but what comes from him.

*Paint.* Oh! then I see that God must right me for my murder'd son!

*Hieron.* How! was thy son murder'd?

*Paint.* Ay, Sir; no man did hold a son so dear.

*Hieron.* What! not as thine? That's a lie

As massy as the earth. I had a son

Whose least unvalued hair did weigh

A thousand of thy son's; and he was murder'd.

*Paint.* Alas! Sir, I had no more but he.

*Hieron.* Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine

Was worth a legion.

The naked nature and simplicity of this scene is worth all the ambitious imagery and rhetorical ornaments which modern

authors lavish upon their dramas. It reminds us of that fine burst of natural passion in *Lear*:—

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have reduced nature To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

But by far the mightiest dramatic genius who preceded Shakspeare was Christopher Marlowe. This extraordinary author is an anomaly in literature. With innumerable faults, and those of the worst kind; frequently displaying turgidity and bombast in his tragic scenes, and buffoonery and grossness in his comic ones, he nevertheless evinces in many places, not only powerful genius, but severe taste and fastidious judgment. Nothing can be worse than 'Lust's Dominion,' and 'The mighty Tamburlaine;' and nothing can be finer than many parts of 'Edward the Second,' and 'Doctor Faustus.' Mr. Charles Lamb

says truly, that the former tragedy furnished hints which Shakspeare scarcely improved in his *Richard the Second*. We may say the same thing of the latter, with reference to Goëthe and his *Faust*. The tragedy of Goëthe is more of a piece, and better sustained throughout than that of Marlowe. It is not chargeable with the same inequalities, and keeps up the character of the hero, as a soul lost by the thirst after knowledge, instead of representing him, as the English author too often does, in the light of a vulgar conjuror indulging in tricks of legerdemain. But we doubt whether there is any thing in the German play which

approaches the sublimity and awfulness of the last scene in *Dr. Faustus*. 'It is indeed,' says the admirable critic whom we have just quoted, 'an agony and bloody sweat.'

At length the great literary era of Elizabeth dawned upon Britain; and in the dramatic annals of the nation we no longer find a few stars faintly twinkling amidst the surrounding darkness, but a magnificent constellation, composed of Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Ford, Webster, Massinger, Rowley, Middleton, Dekker, Tournier, Shirley, and others, brightening the whole literary hemisphere; or, to speak more correctly, we find one glorious sun in Shakspeare, round which the inferior luminaries revolve, and participate in his brightness. In addition to these names, which belong almost exclusively to dramatic literature, we may enumerate those of Spenser, Hall, Brown, Drummond, Sidney, and Raleigh, in other branches of poetry. The period during which these illustrious men flourished has been distinguished by the name of Elizabeth, although it is only to the latter part of her reign, and to those of her two immediate successors, that most of them properly belong.

The merits of Shakspeare are now so well and so generally appreciated, that it can scarcely be necessary to enter into a detail of them here. It is however, extraordinary, that in a nation which has exulted so much in his genius, and has professed to derive so much of its literary glory from him, his merits should, until very recently, have been so imperfectly known. Steele, in one of the *Tatlers*, bestows some very high encomiums upon a justly celebrated passage in *Macbeth*, and then gives a miserably erroneous quotation from some garbled stage edition then extant. We now rank the beautiful pictures of female character, both serious and comic, which Shakspeare has drawn in *Lady Macbeth*, *Constance*, *Juliet*, *Imogen*, *Cleopatra*, *Rosalind*, and *Beatrice*, as among the happiest efforts of his genius; but many years have not gone by since it was a popular opinion, that his mind was of too masculine a structure to excel in pictures of female grace and loveliness, and that it was only in his male characters that his wonderful genius developed itself. This opinion, too, was not con-

fined to the vulgar and misinformed.—Men of taste and education entertained it; and we find that even Collins, whose genius in some particulars discovered a strong affinity to that of Shakspeare himself, in his epistle to Sir Thomas Baumer, after eulogizing the female characters of Fletcher, adds—

'But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone.'

Another vulgar estimate of the powers of Shakspeare was founded upon the idea that he was a great, but irregular genius, flourishing in a barbarous age, which was unenlightened except by the splendour which he himself threw around it, and which even over his own 'mounting spirit' had cast its Gothic chains, and prevented it from reaching its natural elevation. We now feel and know, that his judgment was as profound as his genius was magnificent; that his skill in constructing his plots, and developing his characters, was not surpassed even by the splendour of his imagination and the richness of his diction; and that, so far from shining a solitary star in the midst of Cimmerian blackness, he was surrounded by inferior, but still resplendent orbs, each of which only waited the setting of his surpassing brightness to shine itself the lord of the ascendant.

Shakspeare's contemporaries have, since the publication of Lamb's *Specimens*, and the critical labours of Seward, Colman, Weber, and Gifford, begun to attract that portion of public attention to which they are entitled. Jonson's character has been successfully vindicated, by the last named gentleman, against the charge of malignity and envy of Shakspeare; but we do not think that his poetical merits are yet properly appreciated. We cannot consent that the palm of humour alone shall be given to him, while in wit, feeling, pathos, and poetical diction, he is to be sunk fathoms below Fletcher and Massinger. In the last particular we think he excels them both, and indeed all his contemporaries, except Shakspeare. The tragedies of '*Catiline*' and '*Sejanus*,' and the fine fragments of '*Mortimer's Fall*,' and the '*Sad Shepherd*,' as well as the more poetical of his comedies, will, we think, abundantly prove this assertion. Jonson, too, is (we speak strongly, but advisedly, and upon mature consideration) the finest lyric poet in our language. The songs and lyrical pieces which we find inter-

persed among his plays and poems, are, for elegance and delicacy, positively unrivalled. Like precious gems richly cased, we find the most sparkling thoughts set in the most beautiful versification.—The variety and beauty of his metres prove that he is a master of the English language; and that this rugged old bard, as he is vulgarly supposed to be, is smooth and polished, to a degree which none of his contemporaries ever attained.

Beaumont and Fletcher are usually ranked far above Jonson in all the qualities which constitute the genuine poet; but we confess that we doubt exceedingly the justice of this classification. There is much more that is meretricious and superficial, and much less that is sound and deep in them, than in their rival.—There is nothing in the whole range of their drama so perfect as Jonson's 'Epicene' and 'Volpone.' There is more variety and genuineness of character, and a profounder knowledge of human nature, in 'Every Man in his Humour,' than in all that Beaumont and Fletcher ever wrote put together. Still their plays are delightful things in their way. Their fancy is lively; their characters are pleasingly, if not powerfully drawn; their wit is airy and entertaining; and their versification rich and harmonious. Their comedy is far superior to their tragedy. They could not penetrate to the recesses of man's nature, but they could skim gaily and gracefully over the surface of manners, and paint with a bewitching pencil the follies and foibles of social life.

We have not space to enter into a detailed review of the merits of Shakspeare's contemporaries. Among them, Massinger deservedly holds a very high rank, for his forcible, but somewhat violent, pictures of character, his eloquent and impassioned dialogue, the multitude and beauty of his images, and the splendour of his versification. Ford is the poet of domestic life—the lord and ruler of our sighs and tears. No-where—not even in the pages of Shakspeare himself—is there to be found any thing more deeply pathetic, more intensely affecting, than some scenes of 'The Broken Heart,' and 'The Brother and Sister.' But his 'web is of a mingled yarn.' He delighted too much in violent situations and shocking catastrophes; and his style is too bold and unornamented. He cannot shower the sweet flowers of fancy

May, 1828.

over the grave, and hide the horrors of his scenes of blood under the bewitching mantle of poetry. This is the grand secret with which Shakspeare was so well acquainted. We weep and tremble over the scenes of Ford; but we feel a disinclination to take up the volume again, and undergo the same harrowing and unmitigated sensations. In Shakspeare, though we tremble as we read, we still cling to his pages with thrilling interest and unabated delight, and recur to them with feelings of increased admiration.—The same objections will apply to the dramas of Webster; but his fancy had a far bolder wing than that of Ford, and he therefore approaches nearer to the standard of Shakspeare. Heywood, Tourner, Middleton, and Dekker, occupy honourable stations in what may be called the school of Shakspeare; and Shirley gracefully closes the list, not as one of the greatest, but as the last of an illustrious phalanx, who disappeared, and left their ranks to be occupied by a body, to whom they bore no more resemblance, than did the Titans who assaulted Olympus, to

'That small infantry  
Warred on by cranes.'

The deposition and death of Charles the First, however advantageous they may have been to the liberties of the nation, were death-blows to poetry and the arts. When he mounted the throne, above a century had elapsed since the civil commotions of the nation had been quieted by the accession of the house of Tudor; and the ecclesiastical persecutions of Henry, Mary, and Elizabeth, had subsided into something like religious toleration, if not religious liberty. The nation therefore found itself at leisure for the cultivation of the arts of peace, to the advancement of which the fine taste and accomplishments of the monarch materially contributed. We accordingly find him the constant reader and admirer of Shakspeare; the patron of Jonson and Inigo Jones; inviting foreign artists, such as Rubens, Vandyke, and Bernini, into England; and enriching the nation with the possession of the Cartoons of Raphael, and other illustrious works of art. The triumph of the puritans effected a sad revolution in these matters: stage plays were prohibited as profane and unscriptural—the theatres were shut up as the favourite resorts of



the Devil—and painting and sculpture were considered as popish, idolatrous, and an encouragement of image worship. Even Milton thought it necessary to excuse himself for writing the fine tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*, by citing the authority of St. Paul, who thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the Holy Scriptures, 1 Cor. xv. 33.

The Restoration only varied the evil;—the sour taste and fanatical feelings of the puritans were exchanged for the licentiousness and the frivolity of a depraved and dissipated court. The monarch, so long a dependent on the bounty of Louis XIV. brought with him a taste for French vices, and introduced into the court of St. James all the profligacy, without the refinement of the Tuilleries. The English stage, in like manner, soon became a bad copy of that of France; and Corneille and Racine are the literary parents of Addison, Rowe, Dryden, Lee, and Young. The tragedy of this period is essentially and utterly bad. With the exception of a little real fire amidst the smoke of Dryden and Lee, and a few gleams of genuine feeling and pathos amid the feeble and lachrymose scenes of *Otway*, there is not much which would induce us to save these writers from oblivion. The dramatic genius of England took refuge in the arms of comedy. A race of profligate but brilliant wits arose, whose powers are only eclipsed by those of the worthies of the Elizabethan age. Wycherley, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Centlivre, Etheridge, Gay,—these are names of which, notwithstanding their blemishes, our nation cannot and ought not to be otherwise than proud. Their license, however, was beyond all bounds, and had arrived at such a climax, that the nation began to be disgusted with it, when Jeremy Collier, by directing his fanatical attack against the stage and theatrical amusements altogether, instead of exposing their abuses and pointing out a remedy, only gave fresh cause of triumph to his opponents. His attack, however, was not entirely unavailing.—Congreve confessed his fault; and Vanbrugh and Cibber wrote the *Provoked Husband*, of which the tendency is unexceptionable, as an expiation for the profligacy of their former productions.

The subsequent history of the English stage is almost within the recollection of our readers. It is a history of violent

re-actions throughout. To the profligacy of the Congreve and Wycherley school, succeeded the sickening and mawkish scenes of the writers of sentimental comedy. These again were forced to make way for the ultra German horrors of Lewis and his school; and the latter have long since 'fallen into the sere—the yellow leaf,' and given place to children, elephants, and rope-dancers. A gleam of light, however, occasionally broke in upon the general gloom of the dramatic atmosphere, and the names of Goldsmith, Cumberland, Colman, and ('the greatest is behind') Sheridan, shew, amidst the surrounding mass of dulness and folly,

'Like the spots of heaven, more fiery by night's blackness.'

The declension of the drama has, however, been progressive and rapid, until, from its present happy state of humiliation, it seems that, even with its extraordinary alacrity in sinking, it will find it difficult to descend much lower.

The drama of the present day is a compound of all the vices which characterized the preceding schools, excepting, we are happy to say, the profligacy of the writers of the Restoration. If we are dull, we are decent. The dramas, however, which are now produced, are lawless and irregular as the writings of the Elizabethan school, turgid and bombastic as the tragedies which succeeded it, mawkish as the comedies of the sentimentalists, and extravagant and outrageous as the maddest productions of Germany. The works of Joanna Baillie (unquestionably the greatest dramatist who has appeared in this nation since the Restoration,) are driven from the stage; and although Shakspeare is still endured, he is made to 'bow his eminent tops to our low heads,'—his tragedies must have a happy ending, and his comedies must be 'interspersed with songs.' But then the tricks of harlequin and clown—the pirouetting of precocious dancers three feet high—the galloping of real horses, and the tumbling of real water,—these are surely enough to compensate for the absence of Shakspeare, and all his trumpery.

We have passed, it may be thought, a severe sentence upon the present state of the English drama; but we speak it 'more in sorrow than in anger.' When we consider the splendid heritage of ta-

lent and genius which we derive from our ancestors,—when we recollect the immortal productions which have been bequeathed to the English stage, from the days of Shakspeare to those of Sheridan,—when we mark, too, the energy and intelligence of the present day, as shewn in every other quarter, while the stage alone is usurped by imbecility and dulness,—the mingled feelings of shame and astonishment are too powerful for their expression to be repressed. The causes of this national degradation are various. One of the most obvious and powerful is unquestionably the enormous size of the theatres. The music of the voice—the magic of the eye—the passion and propriety of the gestures,—these are the true and legitimate elements of dramatic effect, but these, in the immense area upon which they are exerted, are lost to the largest proportion of the auditory. Hence the actor distorts his features, strains his voice, and throws himself into violent and unnatural attitudes; and when it is at length found that even these fail of producing the requisite effect, then pomp and shew, decoration and noise, unmeaning bustle, and preposterous parade, are called in to fill up

the melancholy hiatus. Accordingly, the managers and the public sustain a reaction from each other; the former create an appetite in the latter for spectacle and shew, and the appetite thus created in the latter, calls upon the former for fresh efforts to gratify it. Thus this state of things may be prolonged *ad infinitum*, unless some voice should be raised sufficiently powerful to induce a change of system.

But potent as the causes to which we have last alluded are in promoting the degeneracy of the drama, still it must not be disguised that these are not solely the origin of the evil. The incompetency of the authors, in whose hands rests the task of winning the public taste back to the legitimate drama, is another and not less influential cause. The spectacles and pageants with which the managers feast the eyes of their audiences, are as nearly as possible perfect in their way: the tragedies and comedies which are occasionally produced, are the farthest possible removed from the standard to which they aspire. The public choose between them, and we can scarcely blame its decision.

#### EMMA SOPHIA LOUISA KÖRNER AT HER BROTHER'S GRAVE.

[Theodore Körner, 'one of the noblest of human creatures,' was slain in battle in 1813, in his twenty-second year. He had joined a volunteer corps, composed of the noblest, best, and bravest of his fellow countrymen, which was chiefly employed in attacking the rear of the mighty armies of the modern Xerxes. He was shot by a sharp-shooter whilst engaged in hot pursuit of a party of his gallic foes. He was interred under an oak tree, by his brothers-in-arms, with military honours. He had frequently celebrated this king of trees in his poetry, and seemed enamoured of its beauty and majesty. Among those who paid him this last tribute, was Von Bärenhorst, a noble and accomplished youth, who, a few days after, being allotted a dangerous post at the battle of Görhde, rushed on the enemy and fell, pierced with many balls, with the words "Körner, I follow thee!"

The ground about the oak was presented to Körner's father by the Duke of Mecklinburgh. There also are laid the remains of his sister Emma Sophia Louisa. 'A silent grief,' says one of his biographers, 'for the loss of her beloved brother, consumed her vital powers, and allowed her only life sufficient for finishing a portrait of him, and making a drawing of his grave.']

Curse thee, thou callous hand, be curst!  
 Would that yon treacherous tube had burst,  
 And blown thee, assassin hand, and blown thee  
 To dust, ere *thus* the world had known thee!  
 Oh, lowly,—dastard,—crouching slave,  
 To smite the unsuspecting brave!  
 To smite him behind from the green-wood tree,  
 As he passed, on his war-horse, to victory!  
 For Slaughter was sated, and Murder had done,  
 And the cloud that hung lowly and darkly and den  
 Slowly mounted aloft, for the red fight was won;

And Silence had smother'd the cannon's dull rattle,  
 When Körner, the youthful, the brave, the victorious,  
 The gentlest in peace, tho' the proudest in battle,  
 Fell, pierc'd by the sharp-shooter's bullet, inglorious !  
 He had fought for his country, his home, and his God,  
 And his brothers in war laid him in the green sod,  
 At the root of his lov'd oak-tree ;  
 And the long grass was watered with Bärenhorst's tears,  
 But next day came the Gaul, and he rush'd on their spears,  
 Crying, ' Körner, I follow thee !'

Have you ever gone silently-musing alone,  
 To some shadowy spot, where the mouldering stone  
 Lifts its moss-bearing front to your eye as you pass,  
 And the daisy and king-cup grow around in the grass ?  
 Have you ever knelt downward, and read in its line,  
 That valour, youth, genius, beneath it recline ?  
 You have ;—and you have too, a sensitive soul,  
 And I know the big tear-drop stood ready to roll,  
 And I know that your eye flash'd unusual fire,  
 And the blood in your bosom boil'd higher and higher ;  
 When you thought on the deeds he had done in his time,  
 And how bright his career, had he reach'd manhood's prime,  
 When the feats of his boyhood thus gathered him fame,  
 Who, though youthful in summers, was older in name :  
 Yet thou knewest him not ;—and his musical tongue  
 With its bold thrilling accents for thee never rung ;  
 With thee was no friendly or kindred connexion,  
 Nor to thee gave he ever a brother's affection ;  
 To thee, when he went, was no sorrowful day,  
 No farewell he cried, as he tore him away ;  
 Yet his grave canst thou view without ardent emotion ?  
 Nay, dost thou not feel an instinctive devotion,  
 For virtue that sprang ere the beard on the chin,  
 For the soul that pour'd song amid sulphurous din ?  
 Then, oh, if such pulse in thy bosom beat high,  
 And if, stranger, the tear-drop thus moisten thine eye,  
 Ah what ? if his sorrowing sister were nigh.  
 And lo ! it is Emma, all drooping and pale,  
 All worn with weeping, all wasted with wail,  
 With pencil all trembling, who essays to save,  
 And trace the green shade of her Theodore's grave ;  
 Her blue eye all sunk, her brown tresses all loose,  
 Her cheek without hue, and her lip without juice ;  
 She sits by the tomb ever musing and gazing,  
 Whilst the gay sun above her is beaming and blazing ;  
 But she heeds not his ray, nor his insolent light,  
 For all to her vision is darkness and night ;  
 And should you make mention of joy or of glee,  
 She knows not of such,—oh, how wretched is she !  
 Her task is all finish'd—her drawing is done ;  
 But there are two gravestones in place of but one,  
 For oh, her loved brother she shortly will follow,  
 Already death sits in her cheeks' wasted hollow.  
 And every bright tint of her beauty is fled,  
 For she's dying away,—oh, soft ! she is dead.

R.



## INDIA.\*

Our knowledge of India has been singularly imperfect; and the narrative of Bishop Heber showed that Europeans had hitherto entertained very erroneous notions respecting the people of that vast empire. Hindoo institutions are not, it seems, what they have been represented to be; and those who wish to be rightly informed on the subject, will not fail to peruse Mr. Rickards's 'Facts.' 'The authors,' he says, 'who treat of India, together with most of those who return from that country, roundly state that the population of India is divided into four great classes,' and that their religion renders an admixture of the people impossible; consequently, that there can be no practicable improvement introduced for the benefit of the Hindoos. Mr. Rickards, however, says that

'The mysterious account given to us of the quadruple institution of casts is no better than a fable; and the arrayed hosts of prejudices, resolute to maintain this fancied object of their veneration, may therefore be viewed as a pretty amplification of the tale. The position contains in fact a threefold error. In the first place, *no such quadruple division of the whole community exists, and perhaps never did exist*; and the great wonder, in this case, is, that a prejudice should have had such long and universal currency, even among men who must have had daily proofs before their eyes of its fallaciousness. It is also erroneous in supposing the four enumerated casts to have been divided by impassable walls of separation; for it will be seen immediately, that a complete intermixture of these very casts is recorded to have taken place from the earliest times; and, thirdly, that the ordinary pursuits and occupations of life were at all times, generally speaking, open to the whole of them.

'I have never met with a person who could prove himself a genuine *Cshatrya*, *Vaisya*, or *Sudra*; whilst, of those who pretend to be of pure descent, *Brahmins*, and other respectable and intelligent Hindoos, have assured me, that they have no right to the distinction; that the genuine tribes above named are extinct; and their descendants in this generation all of mixed blood. If, however, any do now exist, they must be too thinly scattered to affect the general interests of society by their privileges or numbers. Certain it is, that their respective professions are usurped, every where, by the mixed classes. A real *Cshatrya* prince is not to be found in these days; all the greater princes of India, excepting the *Paishwa*, a *Brahmin*, are base born; while the ranks of every army in India are unquestionably filled with soldiers of all denominations and casts. In like manner

do all descriptions of casts follow the allotted profession of the *Vaisya*, and *Sudra*; and fill every branch of agriculture, commerce, handicraft, and menial service.'

The great body of the Hindoos is composed of mixed tribes, to whom almost every occupation, save the sacerdotal, is open.

'Some authors, conceiving this mass of people to be only separate parts of the *Sudra* class, from the general denomination of *Sudra* being commonly applied to all the mixed tribes, still represent the respective professions of the tribes to be invariably settled by law, and consequently hereditary; but this also is an inaccurate view of the case. The laws of *Menu* ascribe professions to some of the casts; but there is no exclusive limitation of duties to particular casts. The oldest Sanscrit authorities, indeed, differ as to the profession of some of the casts. The law being vague and uncertain, a rigorous observance of it becomes impracticable. Professions are more or less hereditary, from custom, in all countries, and in poor communities are the most likely to descend uninterruptedly from father to son; but Mr. Colebrook's information on this head is the most accurate, viz. that "occupations, though regularly they be the profession of particular classes, are open to most others." I have myself seen carpenters of five or six different casts, and as many different bricklayers, employed on the same building. The same diversity of casts may be observed among the craftsmen in dock-yards, and all other great works; and those, who have resided for any time in the principal commercial cities of India, must be sensible, that every increasing demand for labour, in all its different branches and varieties, has been speedily and effectually supplied, in spite of the tremendous institution of casts; which we are taught to believe so impassable an obstruction to the advancement of Indian industry.'

There is also a prevalent opinion respecting the abstemiousness of the Hindoos, and equally as erroneous as the former.

'The Brahmins, being of abstemious habits, are generally supposed to be prohibited the use of animal food. The law, in respect to Brahmins, will presently be stated. The mixed tribes, composing the great mass of the Hindoo population, are *certainly under no legal restraints in this respect*. Accordingly, the higher classes who can afford it consume meat daily. Many, it is true, from affectation of Brahminical purity, content themselves with simpler food; and some may be supposed, as in other countries, to prefer it; but the custom of eating animal food is so general, as for ex-

\* India; or Facts submitted to Illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants. By R. Rickards, Esq. 8vo. London, 1828.

ample, in Bombay, that a public bazaar or market-place, is there set apart for the convenience of the Hindoos, in which mutton, kid, lamb, and fish, are daily sold for Hindoo consumption. It is situated in a separate quarter of the town from that in which meat is sold for the use of the Europeans, and Mussulmans; because in the latter, the flesh of oxen, and cows, and beef calves, killed by low cast people, being exposed, is offensive to Hindoo superstition. I have a personal knowledge of Hindoo families of wealth and respectability, persons, indeed, who claim descent from the second or Cshatrya cast, in which the meats and fish furnished in this bazaar, enter into their ordinary and daily meals.

'The Indian seas abound with fish; and the coasts, of India, for many thousand miles in extent are lined with fishermen, who all eat animal food. It has often been remarked that no towns or villages are so populous, in proportion to their extent, as those occupied by fishermen; and the quantities of fish cured on the coast, to be afterwards conveyed for consumption into the interior of the country, is immense. The palankeen bearers are Hindoos, mostly fishermen; and no man, who has kept a palankeen in India, but knows the thankfulness with which his bearers receive a present of a sheep or goat, and the good appetite with which they immediately feast upon it. The Hindoos are in many parts addicted to hunting; and eat wild hog, venison, and other descriptions of game.

'There are, besides, other low casts, such as *Dheras*, *Halacores*, *Chandalas*, *Moches*, and other denominations, who, being found all over India, consequently constitute in the aggregate a numerous body, and who are so fond of meat, as in their state of degradation and poverty, actually to devour carrion with great avidity, when they can get nothing better. To these may be added another race, also spread over the face of the country, who live by entrapping wild animals and birds; and are exceedingly expert in their calling. In *Guzarat* this tribe are called *Vagrees* or *Wagrees*; and they avowedly eat the flesh of every bird and beast, without distinction—whether killed, or dying a natural death.'

In support of these opinions he adduces innumerable facts, and authentic Hindoo documents; and after perusing them no one can doubt for an instant of the accuracy of his views. Mr. Rickards's arguments and facts are straight forward, without disguise or sophistry; and, as we think, perfectly conclusive and satisfactory. It is an important fact, and the sooner established the better, that the energies of a nation cannot be depressed by superstition or erroneous creeds, unless the tendency of false religious belief is fostered and encouraged by bad government. The laws of society, if not thwarted and counteracted by mischievous legislation, are suffi-

cient to render nugatory nearly all the bad principles which folly and enthusiasm may introduce under the covert of spurious revelation, and the *real* history of Hindostan illustrates this very important truth. Our former extracts establish the fact, that the separation of the people into casts is far from being inviolably kept; and Mr. Rickards convicts those who maintain the contrary of great inconsistency.

'It is remarkable, that the assertors of this quadruple division of casts, with all its attendant evils, nevertheless dwell, with much warmth of colouring, on the pre-eminent prosperity of ancient India. We read of the honor and attention formerly shewn to agriculture; of the successful cultivation of the useful arts; of magnificent monuments of architecture; of unrivalled skill in certain branches of manufacture; and of wealth scarcely to be credited. Their mental attainments are likewise said to have been no less conspicuous. We are informed of "wonderful advances in metaphysics, morals, natural philosophy, and other branches of literature;" if poetry, said "to vie with the *Iliad* itself in the beauty of its descriptions, the grandeur of its sentiments, and the sublimity of its language;" of "astounding proficiency in the sciences of astronomy and arithmetic;" and of a "system of the universe, founded on the principle of attraction, and explaining the phenomena of the planetary world by the central position of the sun." All this, and more, has been said of the ancient Hindoos. But if the quadruple division of the casts ever existed, it must have been coeval with this brilliant era. The descriptions thereof may, on the one hand, be exaggerated, as the immense "Colossus of superstition" is, on the other, magnified; but if these descriptions are admitted in any degree to be true, how are we to reconcile this great advancement in wealth, arts, and science, with the insuperable obstructions said to arise from the institution of casts? But reasoners of this description are not easily disturbed by the difficulties of a paradox. Accordingly, whilst we are told that "*another great obstacle which must be encountered to the civilizing the Hindoos, is their division into casts,*" (*Brahmen, Cshatrya, Byse, and Soodra,*) it is added with perfect complacency, "*this institution has been highly extolled by many in our own age and country; and undoubtedly contributed in the early period of Indian history to promote the progress of refinement.*" The prosperity of ancient India requiring to be accounted for, the same cause is here assigned for its advancement in one age, as for its obstruction, if not absolute retrocession, in another. We may next be taught, that the power, which has hitherto caused bodies to gravitate, will in future make them all fly upwards.'

He does not, however, deny the mischievous tendency of Hindoo superstitions.

'The moral effect of the institution of casts is to create prejudices; and all prejudices are pernicious; but what human society is without them? Those who have long resided at the different presidencies, must be sensible that the progress of prosperity has never been materially impeded by the institution of casts, as now existing in India.

'We have, indeed, the authority of the very advocates of the opposite doctrine, that prosperity has proceeded in these places with as much rapidity as among the inhabitants of any country in Europe, and we want no more; for we also know, unquestionably, that the different branches of industry may be supplied with hands, to the extent of any demand, as casts are now constituted; whence, the secret of the extreme wretchedness and poverty of the interior of India must be sought for in some more natural and real cause;—something more consistent with reason and experience, than the occult mysteries, or chimeras of Brahminical theology.

'The rulers of India, like some of their brethren in the west, are naturally averse to ascribe any existing evil to error, or misconception, in the administration of the country committed to them. From themselves, we hear nothing of their own acts and conduct, but in the high and dictatorial tone of infallibility. Every measure is founded on consummate wisdom; success the never-failing consequence; and the Company's dominions are consequently held up to us, as a paradise of happiness and blessings, compared with the atrocious despotisms of our sable neighbours. All this, indeed, seems natural to the spirit of power; and as natural that its doctrines, be they ever so extravagant or fallacious, should find numerous advocates. But one and all are nevertheless unable to deny that, in these happy regions, blessed by subjection to British sway, the most wretched poverty is abundantly discernible. To account for so suspicious an existence by any error or misrule, in the governors of the east, never enters their thoughts. Yet it would be a reflection on their understandings to be unable to explain so important a fact; and as the imagination may often be deluded, when reason fails to be convinced, the cabalistic mysteries of Hindoo superstition are brought forward; and we are assured, with all the solemnity of profound learning, that the secret of this great evil lies in a dark system of priestcraft, which none but the initiated are allowed to understand. The ignorant and superficial in this country, fifteen or eighteen thousand miles distant from the scene, wonder, and are satisfied; whilst deeper thinkers are too little interested in the question to analyze, or to care about it. Familiarity with the prejudice begets indifference. What every body asserts is believed to be true; and a doctrine is thus allowed to pass current, which reflection, and more accurate

enquiry, would shew to be wholly groundless. At the same time, nothing can be more convenient than this doctrine. It is equally applicable to every objection; a ready answer to all hard questions regarding the administration of India; and a refuge against every impertinent attack. "Because an elephant is an elephant, and a Hindoo a Hindoo, we ought to leave them both on the plains of Hindostan, where we found them," is the creed and fundamental principle of those who pretend to be the only sound interpreters of Hindoo mysteries—the best judges of the mode of governing so untoward a race, and who fire with noble indignation at all who dare to throw a shade of doubt even on the most insignificant of their administrative acts.

'But the advocates of the quadruple division of casts forget that the whole population of India is not Hindoo. Of Mussulmans, native Portuguese and other Christians, Persees, Armenians, Jews, &c. there are probably not less than fifteen millions, free from the trammels of cast. Some of the Company's districts in Bengal, and other parts, have only Mussulman inhabitants; and there are many others, where Hindoos constitute the lesser number. In all these places, however, (saving a few merchants whose occupations are, as before observed, but lightly taxed) the same wretched poverty prevails; and, spreading far beyond the confines of Hindooism, cannot properly be ascribed to a mere sectarian origin. The "immense Colossus of Hindoo superstition" cannot be pretended to affect more than its own votaries; and were we even to admit the institution of casts to be effectual in repressing the progress of Hindoo improvement, still how is it to obstruct others, who have no such fetters to bind them? If the paths of prosperity were really open, we might at least expect to see them entered by those who have neither casts, nor prejudices, nor Brahmins, to oppose their progress; but, unhappily, an universal pressure of overwhelming force bears down all alike. Men of cast, and men of no cast, are equally its victims; and exhibit one uniform picture of pauperism and degradation. Driven by the irresistible rigour of their rulers to practices of evasion, fraud, and duplicity, they are equally lost to the feelings of patriotism; indifference to life and its concerns, indolence, and crime, complete the series of effects; and a people, thus loaded with oppression, have these, its most ordinary symptoms, imputed to them as indelible vices of their own natural dispositions and character. In the charge of innate depravity, so inconsiderately cast on native Indians, we have consequently a second error, to which calumny and injustice are superadded; and the last stage of this shallow reasoning becomes a greater reproach to us, even than the first.

'What, moreover, would be the state of the Hindoos, if tied down, as represented, by reli-



gious restraint at every step, with fourteen or fifteen millions of unfettered people interspersed among them, and the ways of prosperity really open? Is it not obvious that the latter would soon fill every branch of industry; and, increasing their numbers in proportion, gradually supplant, and perhaps ultimately extinguish, the useless drones of the community? The population of India, however, was long, previous to the introduction of the British government, precisely what we now find it, a combined assemblage of Hindoos, Mussulmans, &c.; whilst the stationary state of the tribes, both as to numbers and poverty, betrays the inflexibility of a common rigour, to which the workers of this prolific hive are equally exposed; and proves that their united labour only yields its sweets to become the prey of an insatiate spoiler.

'But further refutation is unnecessary, since the basis of the opposite argument is proved to be a chimerical existence; a mere creation of the imagination, or at best the shadow of a departed substance: for, if we admit that this state of society ever did exist, we have recorded proof that it could not have long continued. Indeed, the utter unsuitableness of a quadruple division of casts, particularly under a rigorous limitation of their respective duties, to answer the general purposes and wants of any great community, must be apparent to every reasoning mind.'

On the alleged simplicity of their food and habits, he is equally conclusive and forcible.

'Of the native Indians it is also commonly asserted by authors, and generally believed in this country, that their religion absolutely prescribes to them the use of vegetable food; flesh being altogether forbidden. The same religion is supposed to influence, and the nature of the climate to require, the greatest simplicity of attire, and household accommodation; insomuch that their dwellings are stated to be little else than a barely sufficient shelter from the rays of a burning sun, and their garments but a half covering to their natural nakedness; that those customs having existed from time immemorial, must necessarily so continue till time shall be no more; and, consequently, that with a people so immersed in old prejudices, and superstitious devotion to their religious tenets, all attempts to promote internal prosperity must be vain; and every expectation of extended commerce, where present wants are few, and easily supplied, and new ones not to be created, must be, as it ever has been, a mere delusion.'

This doctrine he quickly overturns by undoubted facts.

'It has been already observed how very conveniently the casts, and prejudices, and religion of the Hindoos serve, in difficult encounters, to repel hard attacks upon the Indian system. Upon all occasions, too, where

these formidable allies are called forth, and arrayed for the contest, it is likewise customary to argue, and dwell upon them, as if the whole population of India were Hindoo; the fifteen millions or more of other good souls, who have neither cast, nor aversion, (save that of the Mussulman to pork,) being placed *hors de combat*, and as much overlooked, as if they belonged to the Antipodes.

'But, in a question of this nature, so large a mass of the Indian population must not be neglected. In the first place, then, we have from fifteen to twenty millions of persons, whose use of animal food is avowedly habitual; and as free from religious denunciation (with the exception above noticed) as our own; whose appetite for every description of sensual gratification is almost proverbial; and whose monuments of former grandeur prove that their taste for luxuries, when their means were more ample, were not despicably indulged. To this very numerous portion of the community, the arguments deduced from assumed simplicity of food and habits, are therefore utterly inapplicable. Their expensive and luxurious inclinations never have been denied. Examples, to be sure, are fewer in these than in former times; but, in the present fallen state of their fortunes, they continue to display the same propensities, tastes, and appetites, which characterised more extensively the age of their richer fathers.

'To these instances many more might be added; but it is perhaps of more importance in the present question, to prove that the higher classes of the Hindoos are not prohibited the use of animal food. It has accordingly been shewn that, with habitual or acquired objections to the flesh of cattle, they still consume other animal meats daily, where they have the means of so doing; and the fair inference from the preceding undoubted facts is, that poverty is the only check to a more extended use of this food, which, with the progress of wealth, might consequently become universal; or be only limited by the prejudice of the priesthood; who may always be expected to give to their habits a cast of mysterious peculiarity and self-denial, to excite more effectually the reverence and admiration of the vulgar.'

The laws of Menu and Brahma, as well as the amount of imports, for the last few years, illustrate this important question; and the following conclusion is fairly adduced by Mr. Rickards, from preceding arguments:

'I do not hesitate confidently, to affirm, that the present encroachment is not a tythe of what our trade with India will be, if, at the expiration of our present charter, it be ridden of other restraints, and fairly laid open to the skill and enterprise, and capital of the private merchants of Britain, and to the natural and unfettered energies of our Indian subjects.'

## THE IMPROVEMENT OF IRELAND.

By Rory O'Rourke, Esq.

I RESUME this subject in a humour far from enviable. Truths which do not coincide with preconceived notions are seldom received with pleasure; and however conclusive and obvious your arguments, you need not expect to make converts to your opinion, at least for—a century. Since my former article was written, there have been various debates in parliament, on the state of Ireland; and in addition to the daily discussions in the London newspapers, two writers in rival reviews have, for the hundredth time, published their second-hand notions on the 'Improvement of Ireland.' A sapient oracle in the 'Westminster Review' says,—and he exults in this manifestation of legislative wisdom—that the Emigration Committee have come to a very profound conclusion—Videlicet, "That the inevitable course of the spontaneous *emigration* of the Irish population is to deluge Great Britain with poverty and wretchedness, and gradually, but certainly, to equalise the state of the English and Irish peasantry." That the question which the legislature have to decide is, whether the *wheat-fed* population of Great Britain shall or shall not be supported by the *potato-fed* population of Ireland? Whether Great Britain, in reference to the condition of the lower orders, shall or shall not become progressively what Ireland is at the present moment?

Upon this the reviewer remarks, that 'A flood of evils, hardly less wide-spreading and destructive than the consequences of barbarian conquest, is sweeping over our country—the degradation of our people, by connection with a *foreign race*, lower in intelligence—lower in habits of order and self-restraint—lower in ideas of comfort and moral independence—lower, in short, in all the qualities which constitute civilised man. For who is there *not blinded* by national prejudices; who does not perceive, while he deplures the fact, that owing to a long series of moral and political causes, the most injurious possible to the development of human nature, the Irish are what we have described them to be, compared with the inhabitants of this island?'

The work from which this extract is taken, is regarded by Mr. John Lawless as a publication abounding in 'manly and  
May, 1828.

generous sentiment,' and 'conducted by some of the most enlightened minds in England.' Bah! Hobhouse and Southern the most enlightened men in England! I have often said that the English know much more—limited as that knowledge is—of Ireland than the Irish know of England, and Mr. Lawless's opinion of the 'Westminster Review' might be cited as a proof of the fact. He does not know that this publication is conducted by a set of self-opiniated infidels, who labour with desperate assiduity to disseminate their crude and anti-social principles; but, like other creatures of limited vision, they are perpetually knocking their heads against the posts, which people who are presumed not to see so far are in the habit of avoiding. The English public are aware of the industry of this precious nest of stultified pedants; and accordingly have long since ranked the 'Westminster Review' in that class of publications to which the pure and decent Carile's 'Republican' belongs. It has perhaps a hundred readers.

The renowned dotard, Jeremy Bentham, superintends the metaphysical and legal department. Hobhouse and Southern overlook the literary articles, and the large portion of the work which is devoted to political economy peculiarly belongs to Mill, of the East India House. This gentleman knows just as much about Ireland as he did of Hindostan; and yet he contrived to write seven volumes, purporting to be the history of that country—and quite as valuable as his lucubrations on Ireland. His book on political economy is made up out of Mr. Ricardo's writings, which he contrived to misunderstand; but his errors are harmless. M'Culloch may be understood, but Mill is totally incomprehensible. This is the advocate for free trade, and the sage who recommends prohibitory laws to prevent Irish immigration!—the consistent philosopher, who would allow an unlimited introduction to the produce of Paddy's hands, yet would prevent the introduction of Paddy himself, lest he should throw John Bull out of employment! But he is not one of those authorities whose name could give a dangerous currency to errors. Mr. Black, of the 'Morning Chronicle,' is the only man in England who reads his

nonsense. Once he happened to be right by accident, and that time he borrowed not only his facts but his quotations from this magazine.\*

Had Mr. Lawless been aware of this, he would not, in his late speech at the Catholic Association, have bestowed so much indignation on the principles promulgated in the 'Westminster Review;' but as they awakened within this honest *Irishman* sentiments of national dignity, I cannot only pardon his encomium on the review, but forgive the dulness and wickedness of the reviewer.

'Such,' said Mr. Lawless, 'are the sentiments of the writer in the "Westminster Review," with respect to what he is pleased to call the immigration of the Irish into England; and yet that writer will pardon me for saying that if any neighbouring county of England broke in or invaded the other with its unemployed population, that as much ignorance—as much stupidity—as much superstition, would be chargeable upon it as if any county in Ireland were to pour out its population on them. It is all an idle cant—it is an audacious assumption of superiority. I know the two countries well; I know the elements of which they are composed; and notwithstanding the oppression under which Ireland has been tortured—notwithstanding the efforts which have been made by the country of this reviewer to brutalize the mind of Ireland, still I will say, that she, under the aid and protection of a proscribed priesthood and a proscribed religion, has been able to maintain an intellect more than equal to compare with the most cultivated of the population of the sister country. I challenge a comparison. Take any two counties in England, and compare them with any two counties in Ireland—take them in all the relations of public or private life—take them as citizens—as men of the world—giving shelter, and protection, and hospitality, even to their calumniators; consider them as fathers, as husbands, as brothers, as wives, or as mothers; show me any inferiority on their part, not merely to Englishmen, or Englishwomen, but to the men or women of any part of the universe, and I will give up the argument to the "Westminster Review."'

Alas! that he did not stop here; but the fire which Irish pride had kindled died away, and he quickly returns to the usual common-place of Irish orators.

'We,' he continued, 'invade England with the poverty and rag, which English policy has imposed upon us. One hundred thousand Irish, with arms of industry and toil, invade our neighbours in England, and seek that protection which English policy deny them in their native land. Here comes the retribution—here comes the natural vengeance for the abstraction of our capital—the absence of our landed proprietors—the desertion of our gentry—here is the dreadful punishment inflicted by a merciful Providence for the crimes of our oppressors.'

This is mere cant; and though the meeting cheered it, every man in Ireland, before this day twenty years, will laugh at it as a gross absurdity. I have already demonstrated that the immigration of the *Irish*, if carried to the extent apprehended would be of service to England, while it would be any thing but a benefit to Ireland. Every one who did me the honour to read my arguments must be convinced of their entire applicability; and I shall not now repeat them. It is quite evident that Mr. Lawless has not yet perused them.

Nothing but the force with which popular opinion acts upon the human mind can account for the prevalence of a belief which is disproved by daily facts. 'The Edinburgh Review,' or rather Mr. McCulloch, who writes the Political Economy articles in that journal, was one of the first who pointed out the supposed mischievousness of Irish immigration. Yet, in the last number, we find facts stated which ought to have made the reviewer cautious, before he came to a conclusion which must, eventually, operate injuriously upon his reputation as a political economist. 'The following scene,' he says, 'given in the words of Mr. Hulton, are pictures as horrible as that of Ugolino; and one shudders to think, that the cause that creates them in a single cottage has not been personal, but national, and holds at this moment in its grasp a great and deserving body of the people. "Mrs. Hulton and myself, in visiting the the poor, were asked by a

\* See Westminster Review, No. 15. p. 70. Article, 'Irish Absentees.'



person almost starving, to go into a house. We there found, on one side of the fire, a very old man, apparently dying; on the other side, a young man, of about eighteen, with a child on his knee, whose mother had just died, and been buried; and evidently both that young man and the child were suffering from want. Of course our object was to relieve them; and we were going away from that house, when the woman said, 'Sir, you have not seen all:' we went up stairs, and under some rags we found another young man, the widower; and turning down the rags, which he was unable to remove himself, we found another man who was dying, and who did die in the course of the day. I have no doubt that the whole family were actually starving at the time." The clergyman of West Houghton and myself found, out of five thousand inhabitants, two thousand five hundred destitute of bedding, and nearly of clothes; he was positive six per cent. were in a state of absolute famine. The people were every where getting into a state of similar distress.'

This evidence was given before the Emigration Committee; and the instances of misery here adduced were not partial, and most assuredly were not caused by immigration. I question if an Irishman was to be found within fifty miles of the place; for Paddy does not find a 'local habitation and a name' in the rural distress of England. Yet we are told, that his roving propensities will depress the English peasantry to a condition similar to his own! Talk of depression, indeed, where nine-tenths of the people are paupers! How sickening to hear of the apprehension of Irish example, where the whole population are notoriously immoral—where the number of criminal offences has more than doubled within a comparatively short period? The reviewers themselves admit all this: they tell us that distress is universal; and we have it in evidence that this is really the case. How then, may we ask, can immigration depress the laborious classes lower? Is the thing morally possible?

Strange too, that the 'Westminster Reviewer' should adduce, in support of his position, facts which actually told against him. He finds that the Roman

Catholics have increased, and are increasing, in London. The fact is so; and, in addition to the thousand converts from protestantism, the Irish immigrants undoubtedly have become more numerous, within the last few years. The reason is obvious: throughout the country the prejudice is so strong against them, and the number of the unemployed so numerous, that they necessarily make the metropolis the ultimate place of destination. But the reviewer was not aware, that if their presence was an evil, it is not likely to be increased; for the *poor deluded creatures are now forming associations*—for what think you?—TO ENABLE AS MANY AS POSSIBLE TO RETURN TO IRELAND!

I find it difficult to restrain my feelings when I reflect upon the absurd notions which prevail respecting the comparative condition of the English and Irish peasantry. In Ireland things are certainly bad enough; but it is worse in England. There is not a more pitiable object upon the face of the earth, than the helpless English peasant: depressed in his own opinion,\* despicable in the eyes of his tyrants, he is reckless of consequences, plunges into crime, and forgets all moral and religious obligations. The happy (because honest and independent) rustic is no longer to be found; the march of improvement has passed over the face of the country; and though every thing is apparently beautiful, the peasant is no longer what he was. Were Goldsmith now alive, he need not be under the necessity of imagining a deserted village—his poetry was perspectiveally prophetic. Those who were acquainted with rustic life thirty years ago, speak with heartfelt regret of the alterations which have taken place. Cobbett has feelingly bewailed it; and the elegant author of the 'Sketches round Dorking' has, in a recent work, depicted in strong colours the operations of the system which has introduced misery and its consequences. I cannot refrain from giving an extract; the sentiments it contains coincides with those which have frequently found a place in this Magazine:

'As a road-side village, Merstone is, however, still unusually interesting. The street lies in a gentle valley, terminated at one end

\* See the evidence of Mr. Hunt, respecting the operations of the Game Laws.

by an iron gate, opening into the pleasure grounds of a modern mansion-house, erected by the descendants of one of the most opulent families in the county; but the old cottage-residence still remains, and in its snugness and rural comfort presents a striking contrast with the upstart splendour of its more favoured rival. The present proprietor, or "squire," (for, in spite of all innovation, he retains this primitive title) is the representative of an ancient northern family. In early life he signalized himself in the British expedition to Egypt; he is now a parliament man, or one of those plain country gentlemen, whose tutelar eloquence seldom travels out of the county which they represent. The success which attended his foreign enterprize, seems to have stimulated him with similar thirst for civil conquest. At Merstone, during his boyhood, in the beautiful allegory of scripture, "every man sat under his own fig-tree;" and the neighbourhood consisted of those dear inheritances of independence, small farms, which were chiefly cultivated and occupied by their owners. War, the common foe of mankind, broke up this tranquil scene: in its host of evils came the monopolization of landed property, mortgage brought up the rear of misery, and hence, in various parts of England, parishes became consolidated into so many estates. To this ruinous system, the village of Merstone, with few exceptions, was sacrificed; and a consequent revolution has followed. The majority of that useful class of men, termed "small farmers," to use the cant language of the day, have been "sold off," and their property "thrown together," and confided to a steward. Again, the villagers have been coaxed into compliance with every fastidious request of their squire: public roads have been stopped up, or turned, and even their street has been crossed and bounded with a gate, to suit his convenience. In the meantime, the same spirit of monopoly has shown itself in a thousand other forms. The squire has turned speculator in rail roads, canals, and bridges; whilst his tenantry are impoverished, and the peace of rural life is neglected for lucrative distinction in national improvement. He, however, maintains a large establishment, though not upon the hospitable scale of his ancestors; and he still indulges a proverbial fondness for the chase, which, being hale and hearty, he may long continue, should he not become too closely beset with the trammels and anxieties of his commercial speculations.

With a melancholy infatuation the people of Ireland are ambitious to have introduced among them the system which has done this, and which is still in mischievous operation.

I do not deny that too much misery prevails in Ireland, that employment is uncertain and inconstant, and that labour is badly remunerated; but what I contend for is, that these things are found in every country in Europe to as deplorable an extent as in Ireland. This is easily proved; facts illustrative of this melancholy truth have appeared from time to time in this magazine; and the parliamentary inquiries lately instituted, show that it is totally impossible for human beings to be more degraded or more distressed than a vast proportion of the once deserving and happy peasantry of England.

The world is filled with false facts. A multitude of authorities are on the side of error, and it is now and then found that prevalent opinions have no foundation in fact. It was once believed—thousands, who ought to know better, believe it still—that the practical extirpation of heretics is a doctrine of the Roman Catholic church, and that image worship is inseparable from a belief in transubstantiation. It was always understood that England was the land of suicides; it now appears, however, from authentic documents, that November is *not* a hanging month,\* and that three persons die by their own hands in Paris for one in London. Another illustration may be found in the History of India. For two centuries it has been generally asserted, and as universally believed, that the Hindoos were divided into casts, which denied all admixture—that each cast had its appropriate trade and profession, which could not be followed by any but by those to whom they appertained; that the religion of the people prohibited the use of animal food; and that, consequently, they lived exclusively on rice and vegetables. All the authors who have written on India have asserted this; those Europeans who visited Hindostan confirmed it; and philosophers have drawn arguments from this moral phenomenon, with a full confidence in its truth. Parliament has legislated with a reference to this state of things; and the East India Company has again and again given currency to these opinions in their public ordinances; and they have never been contradicted even by natives

\* Fewer suicides are committed in November than in any other month. See the returns of the coroners of London and Middlesex.

of India. Yet, strange to say, the whole originated in misconception!—these statements were untrue! there is no *real* division of the people into casts; individuals are not prohibited from acquiring any trade which they may chuse to follow; and so far from refraining from animal food, some of them are found even partial to carrion!\*

These are facts which ought to make individuals hesitate to rely upon statements, merely because they are universally credited. They are not therefore true; and I am quite positive that great misconception exists, respecting the state of Ireland. I have given, perhaps, more attention than any man living to the subject; and the result of my inquiries has been to impress me with a firm conviction, that the Irish peasantry have greater opportunities of acquiring independence than those of any other country in Europe. This may create a smile, perhaps it may give rise to ridicule, or, what is worse, to contempt; but the dread of consequence never deterred me from giving utterance to what I considered to be truth; and in the present instance my opinion is fortified by facts. I shall not go out of Ireland for them; I shall not make any statement without authorities; or, what is still better, without supporting them by what may be called arithmetical arguments.

If I find a district in Ireland, where the land is comparatively unproductive, where the rents are higher than any other part of the kingdom, where the rural population is actually more dense than in an equally given space elsewhere; and if I find these people without any thing deserving the name of a manufactory, if I find the proprietors absentees, and sub-letting prevalent, and all the local grievances which are peculiar to Ireland in full operation, I ought—if the politicians who discuss Irish affairs be correct—find here nothing but wretchedness, and crime, and disease, and discontent. But if it should turn out, that none of these things exist there; if it should appear, that they are not only the most prosperous and independent of the Irish peasantry, but perhaps the most happy and comfortable in Europe; it will be proved that those things to

which Irish misery has been attributed are not really chargeable with it, and that the cause of the diseased state of the nation proceeds from very different sources; many of which can be found *at home*.

It is time to confront the prevalent *cant*; it is time to tell the people that the bettering of their condition rests entirely with themselves—that those good-natured gentlemen, who associate for the ‘improvement of Ireland,’ are any thing but Solomons; and that the only thing—the one thing needful, is civil liberty. Instead of directing their attention to absentees, who never will return, and whose absence is really a national good, I would recommend self-dignity to all—individual industry to every one. I would impress this important fact upon their minds, namely, that rent is comparatively lower in Ireland† than in any other part of the empire; that taxation is less heavy, and that there really is abundant room for exertion. I know my countrymen have many complaints to make; but what people have not? I know that they are not dealt justly with; but, under similar circumstances, some of their countrymen have prospered. I allude to the district already mentioned; and, before I go further, I will adduce the authority upon which the statement rests for confirmation. The following extract is taken from Brewer’s ‘*Beauties of Ireland*.’ This gentleman, it was well known, recently visited that country, and is therefore personally responsible for what he has asserted.

‘This (Wexford) is an agricultural county; and a considerable, and increasing, degree of skill is evinced in most departments of husbandry. Barley is the grain of greatest prevalence; but wheat and beans are likewise cultivated on an extensive scale, and large quantities of corn are exported, both in a ground and unground state. Dairies are numerous, and butter forms an important article of exportation; but the Wexford dairy is by no means conspicuous for excellence of management. It may be observed that poultry of various kinds is raised in unusual quantities; and it is scarcely necessary to remark, that the solid plenty which pervades this maritime county is increased by an abundant supply of fish.

‘The farms are in general of a moderate size, and the buildings, although erected and

\* See Rickards’s ‘India,’ reviewed in the present number.—Ed.

† See ‘Real State of Ireland in 1827.’



kept in repair by the tenants, are often neatly-constructed and well preserved. The fields are uniformly small; and the traveller will not fail to regret, as far as relates to beauty of country, that instead of hedge-rows, ameliorating a widely spread tract with the resemblance of continued woodland, the fences are formed by banks, planted with furze on the sides and tops. The thriving condition in which these plantations of furze are maintained in many parts of the county, reveals, on investigation, the unpleasant fact that this district is ill-provided with fuel. The slender shrub with which the banks are planted, acts, indeed, not merely as a fence, but is carefully grown as a substitute for more valuable articles of consumption in the domestic fire. With the exception of this want, the condition of society, in most parts of the county, appears to be very superior to that of any other district in the south of Ireland. The farmer is surrounded by comforts, the cottier is decent and well-clothed. As a strongly-marked feature in the attire of the peasantry, it may be observed that they very generally wear straw hats and bonnets, manufactured by themselves. Shoes and stockings are almost universally worn.

'In addition to the above general notices respecting the natural and artificial circumstances of the county of Wexford, there is a tract within its limits which has an imperative claim on more extended remarks. The reader will readily apprehend that we allude to the Baronies of Forth and Bargie. These districts, so interesting from their connexion with important passages of history, and from some peculiarities long retained, in contradistinction to the manners which prevailed in other parts of the island, occupy the south-eastern division of the county of Wexford, and are open to the sea both on the south and east. On the north they are separated from the rest of the county by the ridge of mountain termed the Mountain of Forth.

'It is observed by Mr. Fraser, in his Statistical Survey of Wexford, that "the appearance of these baronies, from the mountain of Forth, is not unlike the appearance of the south of the county of Devon, from the mountains of north Dartmore, though on a much smaller scale. The whole is well inhabited. The farm-houses generally, as in Devonshire, built with mud and thatched, appearing warm and comfortable, with convenient out-houses adjoining; even the very small farmers, of from five to ten acres, have their habitations comfortable and convenient."—Improved modes of husbandry are here adopted with exemplary success; and the whole district, as compared with many other parts of Ireland, enjoys an enviable state of agricultural prosperity.

'The tract of country now comprised in the baronies of Forth and Bargie (emphatically termed the *English Baronies*) was granted, in the year 1169, by King Dermot Mac Morough,

to the Constable Herve de Montmorency; and the whole district was colonized by that distinguished person and his adherents. It is a curious fact, that the descendants of those colonists have constantly preserved themselves in a separate community, as regards language and manners, until a comparatively recent period, whilst other settlers adopted, in the early centuries, the tongue and habits of the Irish, and whilst many of the original stock of natives, in succeeding times, assumed the modern language and manners of the English.

'The late General Vallancey, in a paper inserted in the second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, presents the following remarks (which, although far from being completely satisfactory, are still too curious to be omitted), concerning the state of these baronies, in the middle of the eighteenth century. "When we were first acquainted with this colony, a few of both sexes wore the ancient dress; that of the men was a short coat, waistcoat, and trunk breeches, with a round hat and narrow brim: that of the women was a short jacket, a petticoat bordered at bottom with one, two, or three rows of riband, or tape, of a different colour; the dress of the head was a kircher. The people of these baronies live well, are industrious, cleanly, and of good morals; the poorest farmer eats meat twice a week, and the table of the wealthy farmer is daily covered with beef, mutton, or fowl. The beverage is home-brewed ale and beer, of an excellent flavour and colour. The houses of the poorest are well built and well thatched; all have out-offices for cattle, fowls, carts, or cars. The people are well clothed, are strong and laborious. The women do all manner of rustic work, ploughing excepted; they receive equal wages with the men. The professed religion here is the Roman Catholic; there are about one hundred Catholics to one Protestant. Marriage is solemnized much in the same manner as with the Irish. The relations and friends bring a profusion of viands of all kinds, and feasting and dancing continues all the night; the bride sits veiled at the head of the table, unless called out to dance, when the chair is filled by one of the bride-maids. At every marriage an apple is cut into small pieces, and thrown among the crowd; a custom they brought from England, but the origin of it has not descended with it."

'The enlarged interchanges of society which have rapidly taken place in recent years, have not failed to effect great alterations in the manners and fashions of these remote baronies. The dialect so long cherished, and found sufficient for the purposes of life in less commercial periods, is now confined to the aged, and the very humble and recluse. The ancient dress is entirely abandoned, and with it have been discarded many of those broad peculiarities of manner, which, down to

the middle years of the last century, rendered the inhabitants so entirely distinct from the people in every other part of the British dominions. Whilst adopting a modern exterior and tongue, they have, however, retained much of their ancient simplicity, industry of habit, and independence of spirit.'

Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Fraser, and the late unfortunate Mr. Trotter, give similar evidence respecting this district; and although Mr. Brewer is not quite correct in his history of this colony,\* I have no doubt that his description of the manners and habits of the people are correct. In the late census the baronies of Forth and Bargie were not returned; but from that of 1813 we find that the population were more dense than in any other rural district of equal extent in Ireland. Now here is a fact which puts to flight all the arguments of exclusionists, the theories of economists, and declamation of patriots. The enemies of emancipation attribute all the evils of Ireland to popery, but here is a district where ninety-nine out of every hundred of the inhabitants are Catholics. Indeed it would appear the absence of Protestants is a security for prosperity and good order throughout the country. Mr. Trotter witnessed comforts similar to those which characterize the barony of Forth, in a part of Connaught, where the people were exclusively Catholics. It is a national evil that the members of the established church are not either fewer in number or more numerous. They now occupy that unhappy medium in the population which enables government, when it feels so disposed, to make use of them for the purpose of suppressing and exasperating the Catholics. They are just too many for the interests of tranquillity, and too few for the cause of liberality. Difference of opinion is mischievous when those entertaining them are unequal in numbers.

The economists, too, are here at fault. The county of Wexford cannot boast any thing deserving the name of manufactory. Rents are higher than in any other county, and all the great landed proprietors are absentees. Yet the people are comparatively independent, and it is remarkable that though the population is dense, there are no local outrages,—no

Whiteboyism. All is orderly and tranquil; and amidst the number of Irish labourers who periodically visit England, a native of Wexford is never seen. What will the economists say to all this? It proves their theories respecting population and subdivisions of farms to be founded on error.

The patriots will find it equally difficult to contend with the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from the condition of the people in this district. If the other inhabitants of Ireland are miserable, the *fault* must, in some measure, rest with themselves, and with themselves rests the remedy. Landlords are every where the same. Irish landlords are not a whit more arbitrary and oppressive than English landlords; and I know, personally, that some of the landed proprietors in the baronies of Forth and Bargie are the greatest scoundrels in Ireland. It is true, however, and the fact ought to be recorded—that in these remote districts, from the paucity of Protestants, religious dissensions, are, or at least were, partly unknown.

But, perhaps, here again we are reasoning on false data; perhaps the other inhabitants of Ireland are not quite so miserable and destitute as we are led to believe. Our authorities on this subject are not to be depended upon. The natives of Dublin know quite as little about the condition of the Irish peasantry as the Cockneys east of Temple Bar. 'I myself,' says a recent author,† 'whilst I lived only in the capital, was satisfied with such vague notions of our peasantry, as that they were very dirty and cheerful whilst they could get enough of potatoes, and very wretched and turbulent when they could not; that popery and potatoes were, in themselves, baneful evils, greatly incompatible with peace and of order; and finally, that of all the king's subjects, the men of the south of Ireland were the most ignorant and miserable: but of late years I have resided much amongst those very men of the south, and my views on these subjects have undergone considerable modification in consequence.'

There is another fact which demonstrates the absurdity of the notions ge-

\* He follows Wakefield in saying there is no limestone in this district, but he has been misinformed in this particular. There is abundance of limestone in Forth and Bargie.

† 'Real State of Ireland in 1827.'

nerally entertained respecting Ireland. According to the newspapers and the economists, the people are becoming every day more and more miserable, but the reverse is precisely the fact, if there

be any truth in arithmetic. The following little table is worth volumes of declamation; it tells its own tale, and no sophistry can deny the conclusion to be drawn from its moral.

Imported into Ireland in 1781		and in 1820.	Increase.
Drapery, in yards,	23,833,381	49,692,058.	25,858,677.
Black tea, in lbs.	13,035,280	65,268,043.	52,232,763.
Ironmongery, value in	£1,404,758	4,876,779.	3,472,021.
Tobacco, in lbs.	99,402,762	116,112,836.	16,710,074.
Earthenware, value	265,842	1,421,462.	1,155,620.

These are only a few of the articles of luxury and domestic convenience which have exhibited an increase; and they demonstrate that an extraordinary improvement in the condition of the people has taken place. No isolated facts can contradict this; and it cannot be met by the usual *cant* which described the native manufactures as nearly extinguished; for they, too, have been increased almost without an exception. There was exported to England, from 1781 to 1822, only 80,000 gallons of spirits; but from 1800 to 1820, the quantity was 10,250,000 gallons!

I might stop here, but I must observe, that *every* man in Ireland who has paid attention to the habits of the people, must be aware that great improvements have taken place in their condition. It has been remarked to me, by J. E. Devereaux, Esq. of Carrigmanon, who will permit me to call him my friend, that, thirty years ago, many of the peasantry of his neighbourhood, in the county of Wexford, went to chapel without shoes or stockings, the men wearing sheepskin breeches, and the women a kind of *linseywoolsey*, coarse and unsightly. At present, bare feet are not to be seen; all are dressed neatly and genteelly. Speaking of the county Kildare, Mr. Brewer says, 'The poor, except on certain favoured spots, inhabit cabins of the most wretched description; but the condition of this numerous class, in regard to an honest emulation in dress and personal appearance, was much improved when Mr. Rawson printed his remarks on this county, and continues to experience a progressive amelioration. That writer presents the following ob-

servations on the state of the peasantry in this county:—

"Oatmeal, potatoes, eggs, herrings, with some milk and butter, constitute the food of the lower orders; their fuel is turf; their clothing a home-made frize coat, cotton waistcoat, and corderoy breeches, yarn stockings and brogues for every day: for the unmarried, white stockings and shoes for Sundays and holydays. Even in the dog-days, Pat sweats under a heavy frize coat, and if he had three coats, &c. he would mount them all. The appearance of the women is much bettered; within these twenty years they were ragged and barefoot; even on Sunday, if a girl appeared so well dressed as to have shoes and white stockings, she was pointed at; now no country girl is seen without them."

These facts are invaluable; they show that the relaxation of the penal code has been attended with consequences which promise the most happy results on its entire abolition: they show that as population increases the condition of the people improve; and they also show that the most prosperous district in Ireland is inhabited exclusively by Roman Catholics, who are, be it observed, one and all, agriculturists.

A thousand reflections here present themselves, but I have already exceeded the bounds I prescribed to myself in commencing this article, and I shall now conclude. It is probably the last time I shall ever allude to the subject; and my prayer is, that Irishmen may learn to respect themselves, and the legislature acquire wisdom enough to grant them their rights, and leave all else to the natural progress of things.



## MORÆ HIBERNICÆ.—NO. III.

## PATRICK'S DAY IN DUBLIN.

' No wonder that we Irish lads  
Are all so gay and frisky,  
St. Patrick 'twas that first taught us  
The knack of drinking whiskey.'

THERE is no place on earth where the *amor patriæ*, or love of one's native country, is carried to such an extreme length as in this Emerald Isle: it is not here the result of civilization, nor does it proceed from the education of the people; but it is, as it were, imbibed into the nature and temperament of an Irishman with his mother's milk—the spark, dim at first, acquires fresh force and brilliancy as years advance, and the example of adults is presented for the imitation of the youthful, until the fire of manhood, combined with national propensities, fans it to a brilliant blaze, and forth it must burst occasionally.

One of these 'safety valves,' (to use a metaphor, which is worthy of remark,) is the festival of the great patron Saint, who furnishes a cognomen to the favourite son in almost every family—a nickname for Irishmen in a strange country, but at home a source of endearment and fraternal feeling. I never could discover what feeling actuated Dr. Ledwich to try and hunt down the belief of the existence of St. Patrick, more particularly when, in a futile endeavour so to do, he contradicts his own statements.\* It is like other acts of persons whose aim was to destroy every thing Irish, particularly if it savoured at all of Popery. The time of the year was well chosen for the celebration of this merry season:

——— lily bosomed spring  
All bathed in teeming showers.

When nature is rife with delight, the balmy air breathing freshness and fragrance, and the opening blossoms cheering and delighting the eye, the buds bursting from their secret recesses, giving verdure to the trees and hedgerows—surely if there

was none other inducement, the face of nature should inspire the human heart with joy, when the very 'mountains seem to skip as young lambs.' Poor Pat has far other (though not better) inducements: while a drop of the real 'mountain dew' is to be had for love or money, or the glad face of a friend to be found, 'poverty is ever a day's march behind him; and, although the smiles of hope be withheld, and the frowns of misery and despair lower and darken every object around him, yet, on a season like the one I speak of, his frolic and merriment serves to arouse him from every unpleasant trammel, and he will be happy, despite of all surrounding circumstances. On last Patrick's day, the 17th instant, I was aroused from my slumbers by a band of amateur musicians, who passed under my window just when the 'morning cock crew loud,' playing the deservedly popular national air of 'Patrick's Day in the Morning.' I arose with an impulse which I did not experience every day, for I am an Irishman, and I glory in my country, dejected as she is, and I feed my expectations with the hope that the long night of slavery will one time or other be broken by the light of freedom and truth. With alacrity I purchased a large bunch of shamrock from one of the poor women who paraded every part of the town, crying 'Green Shamrock,' 'Green Shamrock,' on this morning, and out of their little earnings take a drop, too, 'in honour of the day that's in it.' My shamrock soon assumed its proper and conspicuous place in my hat, and proud was I of it. As I passed the streets I could notice the cold blooded heartless fellows who, ashamed

\* 'St. Patrick is in Bede's Martyrology,' says the learned doctor, and then modestly starts the objection, 'Whether he ever composed such a work, is doubtful, as he barely hints at it in one of his compositions.' Dr. L. then quotes Herrer of Auxerre, who wrote about 880, in his life of St. Germain, as having called St. Patrick, *Hiberniæ peculiaris Apostolus*, the proper Apostle of Ireland, and says, 'These, I apprehend, are the first and oldest notices of our patron saint, for he was not heard of when Bede died in 735;' although, he says above, 'he is in Bede's Martyrology.' We will dismiss him, with all his misquoted and garbled authorities, as he dismisses the inquiry—

Proteritæ veniam dabit ignorantia culpæ.

of the land which gave them birth, stealing along, avoiding to meet with any friend or acquaintance decked with the symbol of their country and of friendship. Such persons deserve to glide down the 'arrow-like stream of time,' unnoticed and unknown, and to be marshalled amongst those who love to rise upon the ruin of their country.

'The torch that would light them through  
dignity's way,  
Must be caught from the pyre where their  
country expires.'

I do not envy them; no honest man could envy them; but let them wend their way to the grave which will close silently over them. The first burst of joy, which, like the electric fire, pervades all things within the circle of its power, is produced by 'soul-stirring sounds,'—the military who are stationed on the different garrisoned posts in and near our metropolis, marshal themselves forth in the courtyard of our viceroyal castle every day

'To show in the sun their red coats laced with  
gold.'

They march headed by a military band. This band, as a compliment to the land they sojourn in, is expected to play the national air, 'Patrick's Day in the Morning,' on every anniversary of the great Saint; and thousands of all classes throng our splendid quays to let the welcome air bring home heartily to their spirits this day which 'conveyeth good tidings.' A spirit of opposition on one occasion manifested itself on the part of the military; the commanding officer ordered the band to strike up odious party tunes—'The Boyne Water,' 'The Protestant Boys.' This argued the worst species of a depraved taste, to clank the galling chains in the ears of the enslaved and oppressed. It was met on the part of the people by what many would call a merited castigation. The hisses and vociferations of the infuriated people almost totally drowned the music;—showers of stones, which a Macadamized road amply supplied, were flung in amongst the soldiery;—not a lamp, from one end of the quay to the other, but was smashed into atoms, and with much difficulty the activity of the police could quell the tumult.

As the day advances, one may see issue from some of the Bacchanal temples, at

the corners of our streets, ('Keep out of corner houses,' is the advice of many a father who has the welfare of his offspring at heart,) groups who have been offering to the rosy God, not of the Chian, Lesbian, or Falernian grape, but of that cup which has—'a spell in it'

'Gainst the ills of mortality.'

They feel lighted up within them a spirit of frolic and fun, and with eyes beaming with enthusiasm, they lilt as they go, their favourite tune, and toss their heads with an air, as if it were the inheritance of a kingdom they were about to succeed to, while their feet hardly touch the pavement, so expanded and light seem their bodies with the joy of their hearts. Here and there a Sheelah takes her part in the group; and, although it is naturally debasing to see a female under the influence of liquor—yet on Patrick's day and in Paddy's land—and a Paddy's wife too, sure should have some share of allowance made for her. With all our boasted patriotism, we have not one social club who meet to celebrate the anniversary of this 'great day for Ireland.' We have Beefsteak Clubs, York Clubs, Boyne Clubs, &c. &c., where the spirit of party reigns undisputed, and where bigotry and ignorance will alone serve to signalise you, or be your passport. How delightful would it be to see a body of all creeds and parties socially sit down and enjoy the delights of the festive board, giving each other the hand of fellowship, and tendering their devotedness to the common welfare of their country. It is a blessing not ordained for this unfortunate land as yet, but brighter days may come. Amongst our *gens du rang*, and Heaven knows they have been few enough since that ever to be execrated measure\*, the offspring of the brains of C——, was saddled upon this country, a ball and supper held in Saint Patrick's Hall at the castle serves as amusement for them, and causes an unusual bustle amongst our shopkeepers and tradespeople—too good to last, however, even that was denied us for several years past—that splendour which arrayed the viceroyal halls appears to have fled from them—and they who derived their luxuries from the sweat of the peasant's brow, cheering them as they were wont, by their countenance,

\* The Union.

and by sojourning amongst them, now bask in the sunshine of foreign courts, misery and degradation being thereby entailed on their deserted dependants. A different day appears to be now breaking for us, and, in perspective, we can see

a glorious pageant approaching us, as the night of bigotry is dispelled—and a golden age again be bestowed on us, when

Non galeæ, non ensis erant : sine militis usu  
Mollia securæ peragebant otia mentes.

#### MANSIE WAUCH.\*

Of all things in which the public is interested, and in which it busies itself without being interested, the crotchets of authors are those which it is least profitable to inquire into. If this were not so, we might be tempted to ask what it is that would induce a person gifted in an extraordinary manner, as the author of 'Mansie Wauch' unquestionably is, to waste his powers upon so flat and unprofitable a work. At the best, we imagine he could only allege 'a truant disposition;' and since we must take the productions of that wayward class, called 'men of genius,' just as we find them; and as to expect or to wish that they were other than they are is equally vain, all that we can do is to express a sincere regret that the person who could produce some parts of the work before us, should have so mixed it up with trash and balderdash as to make it unintelligible to many, and uninviting to most readers.

'Mansie Wauch' is an enlargement of some sketches which appeared, under the same title, in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' The offensiveness of that publication has driven it into the obscurity which everybody must have seen would ultimately be the fate of so reckless and unprincipled a work. It was not for its Toryism—for that was bold and sometimes honest—that it was hated: it was not because it spoke in a plain and fearless tone—and this it did often and honourably—that it was disliked; but it was because it fell into the hands of men who knew no feelings of honour—who acknowledged none of the ties which hold the decencies of society together—men to whom truth was a jest—virtue a sarcasm—who, like mere buccaneers, fought under the flag which brought them present gain, and who cared not whether they broke hearts or blackened reputations, provided they could persuade themselves that the victims did not belong to their own *clique*. These odious faults have declared 'Blackwood's Magazine' a nuisance in society. The malignant calumniator who was afraid to strike openly was there permitted to loose his shaft in safe ambuscade; the disappointed rogue whose plans of plunder had been defeated, attacked, under the protection of that 'chartered libertine,' the objects of his baffled schemes; and the 'higher classes,' as they are called, more in mockery

than mark, lent themselves to the offensive warfare which was carried on against all that is wise in principle, bold in attempt, and virtuous in action. Liberality of feeling was called radicalism; toleration, infidelity; honesty, vulgarity; and *cockneyism* (the meaning of which we protest we have never been able to find out) was the name under which all the undefinable accusations were brought. The day, however, in which all this was considered very fair, and very convincing, has gone by. The authors of 'Blackwood' are pretty well known, and folks begin to pay them off the long scores they owe them. We expect to see some day or other a biography of the writers in 'Blackwood,' and a very amusing collection it will make.

The author of 'Mansie Wauch' is, beyond all comparison, the best of the bunch. He has a pure and keen observation of nature, and a vivid and eloquent power of expressing his conceptions. He understands human nature like a philosopher, and treats of it like a master. What can have induced him to clothe his knowledge and his genius in so uncouth a garb as this, in which he now presents himself, is more than we pretend to guess; and although we are glad to see such powers developed in any shape, we confess we should like them better and reverence them more in almost any other than this.

Under the pretence of giving the memoirs of a tailor in Dalkeith, the author has described the manners of humble life in a Scotch town—it has been done in the rural style *ad nauseam*—and appears to have had it in view to show that frugality, and industry, and honesty, lead to comfort and quiet, through a life unmarked by any extraordinary disasters, and exempt from many of the anxieties and heart-aches which occur to more ambitious designs and less simple manners. At the same time he has, with masterly skill, not done this by means of distinguishing his hero from the common run of tailors—for that would have been a vulgar error, which the writer is not likely to fall into—he has made him subject to the common influences which beset such men. He is cunning, conceited, garrulous, short-sighted, and prejudiced: he is, in short, described exactly as such a human being must be under the circumstances in which he is

\* *The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith.* Written by Himself. 12mo. Edinburgh, Blackwood: London, Cadell.



placed, and he is, consequently, not a bit like ordinary characters in novels. He is, on the other hand, patient, virtuous, pure in feeling, and honest in his conduct, compassionate and kind to all persons within his sphere, simple and pious. This mixture of the good and evil of his disposition produce a bizarre effect, from the manner in which they are introduced, by means of his own description. His tone is like that of P. P. Clerk of the Parish: he is quite as much impressed with his own importance, but he takes a wider range within his observation. His style is of course Scotch, and may, no doubt, contain many beauties which our northern neighbours can appreciate, and find prodigiously good; but to a large proportion of his majesty's liege subjects, happily for themselves, this dialect is as barbarous and unknown as that of the Esquimaux. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, there are some parts of the book which may be tolerably well guessed at, and from them we make some extracts.

At the close of the volume the tailor has a debate with his wife on the subject of apprenticing their only son Benjie. The manner in which he treats her suggestions as to the occupation for which their descendant is best qualified, or which is most eligible for him, is humorous, and even eloquent.

"Weel, weel," answered Nanse, a wee startled by my strong, decisive way of managing, "ye ken best, and, I fancy, maun tak' the matter your ain way. But ye can hae nae earthly objection to making him a lawyer's advocatt?"

"I wad see him hanged first," answered I. "What! do you imagine I would set a son of mine to be a sherry-offisher, ganging about rampaging through the country, taking up fiefs and robbers, and suspicious characters wi' wauf looks and waur claes; exposed to all manner of evil communication from bad company, in the way o' business; and rousing out puir creatures that canna find wherewithal to pay their lawful debts, at the Cross, by warrant o' the Sherry, wi' an auld chair in ae hand, and an eevery hammer in the ither. Siccan a sight wad be the death o' me."

"What think ye then o' the preaching line?" asked Nanse.

"The preaching line!" quo' I—"No, no, that'll never do. Not that I want respect for ministers, who are the servants of the Most High; but the truth is, that unless ye have great friends and patronage of the like of the Duke down by, or the Marquis of Lothian up by, or sic like, ye may preach yoursell as hoarse as a corbie, from June to January, before ony body will say 'hae, puir man, there's a kirk.' And if no kirk casts up—which is mair nor likely—what can a young probationer turn his hand to? He has learned no trade, so he can neither work nor want. He daurna dig nor delve, even though he

were able, or he would be hauled by the cuff of the neck before his betters in the General Assembly, for having the impudence to go for to be so bold as dishonour the cloth; and though he may get his bit orra half-a-guinea whiles, for holding forth in some bit country kirk, to a wheen shepherds and their dogs, when the minister himsell, staring with the fat of gude living and little wark, is lying ill of a bile fever, or has the gout in his muckle tae, yet he has aye the miseries of uncertainty to encounter, his coat grows bare in the cuffs, greasy in the neck, and brown between the shouthers; his jaw-bones get long and lank, his een sunk, and his head grey wi' vexation, and what the wise Solomon calls 'hope deferred;' so at long and last, friendless and pennyles, he takes the incurable complaint of a broken heart, and is buried out of the gate, in some bit strange corner of the kirk-yard."

"Stop, stop, gudeman," cried Nanse, half greeting, "that's an awfu' business; but I daursay it's ower true. But mightna we breed him a doctor? It seems they have unco profits, and, as he's sae clever, he might come to be a graduitt."

"Doctor!" answered I—"Kay, kay, let that flee stick i' the wa'; it's a' ye ken about it. If ye was only aware of what doctors had to do and see, between dwining weans and crying wives, ye would have thought twice before ye let that out. How do ye think our callant has a heart within him to look at folk blooding like sheep, or to sew up cutted throats with a silver needle and silk thread, as I would stitch a pair of trowsers; or to trepan out pieces of cloured skulls, filling up the hole with an iron plate; and pull teeth, maybe the only ones left, out of auld women's heads, and so on, to say nothing of rampaging with dark lanterns, and double-tweel dreadnoughts, about gousty kirk-yards, among humlock and long nettles, the haill night over, like spunkie—shoving the dead corpses, winding sheets and all, into corn-sacks, and boiling their bones, after they have dissected a' the red flesh off them, into a big caudron, to get out the marrow to make drogs of?"

"Eh, stop, stop, Mansie," cried Nanse, holding up her hands.

"No," continued I, "but it's a true bill—it's as true as ye are sitting there. And do ye think that any earthly compensation, either gowpins of gowd by way of fees, or yellow chariots to ride in, with a black servant sticking up behind, like a sign over a tobacconist's door, can ever make up for the loss of a man's having all his feelings seared to iron, and his soul made into whinstone, yea, into the nethermillstone, by being art and part in sic dark and devilish abominations? Go away wi' siccan downright nonsense. Hearken to my words, Nanse, my dear. The happiest man is he that can live

quietly and soberly on the earnings of his industry, pays his day and way, works not only to win the bread of life for his wife and weans, but because he kens that idleset is sinful, keeps a pure heart towards God and man; and caring not for the fashion of this world, departs from it in the hope of going, through the merits of his Redeemer, to a better."

"Ye are right after a'," said Nanse, giving me a pat on the shoulder; and finding who was her master as well as spouse—"Ill wad it become me to gang for to gie advice to my betters. Tak' your will of the business, gudeman; and if ye dinna mak' him an Admiral, just mak' him what ye like."

"Now is the time, thought I to myself, to carry my point, finding the drappikie I had taken with Donald M'Naughton, in settling his account for the green jacket, still working in my noddle, and giving me a power of words equal to Mr. Blouster the Cameronian preacher,—now is the time, for I still saw the unleavened pride of womankind wambling within her, like a serpent that has got a knock on the pow, and been cast down but not destroyed; so, taking a hearty snuff out of my box, and drawing it up first one nostril, then another, syne dighting my finger and thumb on my breek-knees, "What think ye," said I, "of a sweep? Were it not for getting their faces blacked like savages, a sweep is not such a bad trade after a'; though, to be sure, going down lums six stories high, head foremost, and landing upon the soles of their feet upon the hearth-stone, like a kittlin, is no just so pleasant." Ye observe, it was only to throw cold water on the unthrifty flame of a mother's pride that I said this, and to pull down uppishness from its heathenish temple in the heart, head foremost. So I looked to her, to hear how she would come on.

"Haivers, haivers," said Nanse, birsing up like a cat before a colley. "Sweep, say ye? I would sooner send him up wi' Lunardi to the man of the moon; or see him banished, shackled neck and heels, to Botany Bay."

"A weel, a weel," answered I, "what notion have ye of the packman line? We could fill his box with needles and prins, and tape, and hanks of worsted, and penny thimbles, at a small expense; and, putting a stick in his hand, send him abroad into the wide world to push his fortune."

"The wife looked dumbfounded. Howsoever—"Or breed him a rowley-poley man," continued I, "to trail about the country frequenting fairs; and dozing thro' the streets selling penny cakes to weans, out of a basket slung round the neck with a leather strap, and parliaments, and quality, brown and white, and snaps well peppered, and gingerbread nits, and so on. The trade is no a bad ane, if creatures would only learn to be careful."

"Mansie Wauch, Mansie Wauch, hae ye gane out o' yere wuts," cried Nanse,—“are ye really serious?"

"I saw what I was about, so went on without pretending to mind her.—“Or what say ye to a penny pieman? I'fegs, it's a cozy birth, and ane that gars the cappers birl down, What's the expense of a bit daigh, half an ounce weight, pirled round wi' the knuckles into a case, and filled half full o' salt and water, wi' twa or three nips o' braxy floating about in't? Just naething ava;—and consider on a winter night, when ice-shockles are hinging from the tiles, and stomachs relish what is warm and tasty; what a sale they can get, if they go about jingling their little bell, and keep the genuine article! Then ye ken in the afternoon, he can show that he has two strings to his bow; and have a wheen cookies, either new baked for ladies' tea-parties, or the yesterday's auld shopkeepers' het up i' the oven again,—which is all to ae purpose."

"Are ye really in your seven natural senses,—or can I believe my ain cen?—I could almost imagine some warlock had thrown glamour into them," said Nanse, staring me broad in the face.

"Take a good look, gudewife, for seeing's believing," quo' I; and then continued, without drawing breath or bridle, at full birr—

"Or if the baking line does not please ye, what say ye to binding him regularly to a man-cook? There he'll see life in all its variorums. Losh keep us a', what an insight into the secrets of roasting, brandering, frying, boiling, baking, and brewing—nicking of geese's craigs—hacking the necks of dead chickens, and cutting out the tongues of leeving turkeys. Then what a steaming o' fat soup in the nostrils! and siccan a collection o' fine smells, as would persuade a man that he could fill his stomach thro' his nose! No weather can reach such cattle: it may be a storm of snow, twenty feet deep, or an even-down pour of rain, washing the very cats off the house tops; when a weaver is shivering at his loom, with not a drop of blood at his finger nails, and a tailor like myself, so numb with cauld, that instead of driving the needle thro' the claith, he brogs it thro' his ain thumb—then, fient a hair care they: but, standing beside a ranting, roaring, parrot-coal fire, in a white apron, and a gingham jacket, they pour sauce out of ae pan into another, to suit the taste of my lord this, and my lady that, turning, by their legerdemain, fish into fowl, and fowl into flesh; till, in the long run, man, woman, and wean, a' chew and champ away, without kenning more what they are eating than ye ken the day ye'll dee, or whether the Witch of Endor wore a demity falderal, or a manco petticoat."

"Weel," cried Nanse, half rising to go ben the house, "I'll sit nae langer to hear ye gabbling nonsense like a magpie. Mak Benjie what ye like; but ye'll mak me greet the een out o' my head."

"Hooly and fairly," said I; "Nanse, sit

sull like a woman, and hear me out;" so, giving her a pat on the shoulder, she sat her ways down, and I resumed my discourse.

"Ye've heard, gudewife, from Benjie's own mouth, that he has made up his mind to follow out the trade of a gentleman;—who has put such outrageous notions in his head I'm sure I'll not pretend to guess at. Having never myself being above daily bread, and constant work—when I could get it—I dare not presume to speak from experience; but this I can say, from having some acquaintances in the line, that, of all easy lives, commend me to that of a gentleman's gentleman. It's true he's caa'd a flunky, which does not sound quite the thing; but what of that? what's in a name? pugh! it does not signify a bawbee—no, nor that pinch of snuff: for, if we descend to particulars, we're all flunkies together, except his majesty on the throne.—Then William Pitt is his flunky—and half of the House of Common are his flunkies, doing what he bids them, right or wrong, and no daring to disobey orders, not for the hair in their heads—then the earl waits on my lord duke—Sir Something waits on my Lord Somebody—and his tenant, Mr. so and so, waits on him—and Mr. so and so has his butler—and the butler has his flunky—and the shoe-black brushes the flunky's jacket—and so on. We all hang at one another's tails like a rope of ingans—so ye observe, that any such objection, in the sight of a philosopher like our Benjie, would not weigh a straw's weight.

"Then consider, for a moment,—just consider, gudewife, what company a flunky is every day taken up with, standing behind the chairs, and helping to clean plates and porter; and the manners he cannot help learning, if he is in the smallest gleg in the upstake, so that, when out of livery, it is the toss up of a halfpenny whether ye find out the difference between the man and the master. He learns, in fact, everything. He learns French,—he learns dancing, in all its branches,—he learns how to give boots the finishing polish,—he learns how to play at cards, as if he had been born and bred an earl,—he learns, from pouring the bottles, the names of every wine brewed abroad,—he learns how to brush a coat, so that, after six months' tear and wear, one without spectacles would imagine it had only gotten the finishing stitch on the Saturday night before; and he learns to play on the flute, and the spinnet, and the piano, and the fiddle, and the bagpipes; and to sing all manner of songs, and to skirl, full gallop, with such a pith and birr, that though he was to lose his precious eyesight with the smallpox, or a flash of forked lightning, or fall down a three-story stair dead drunk, and smash his legs to such a degree that both of them required to be cut off, above the knees, half an hour after, so far all right and well—for he could just tear off his shouter-knot, and make a perfect fortune—in the one case, in being

led from door to door by a ragged laddie, with a string at the button-hole, playing, 'Ower the Border,' 'The Hen's March,' 'Donald McDonald,' 'Jenny Nettles,' and such like grand tunes, on the clarinet; or, in the other case, being drawn from town to town, and from door to door, on a hurdle, like a lord, harnessed to four dogs of all colours, at the rate of two miles in the hour, exclusive of stoppages.—What say ye, gudewife?"

'Nanse gave a mournful look, as if she was frighted I had grown demented, and only said, "Tak' your ain way, gudeman; ye'se get your ain way for me, I fancy."

'Seeing her in this Christian state of resignation, I determined at once to hit the nail on the head, and put an end to the whole business as I intended. "Now, Nanse," quo I, "to come to close quarters wi' ye, tell me candidly and seriously what ye think of a barber? Every one must allow it's a canny and cozie trade."

"A barber that shaves beards!" said Nanse. "'Od, Mansie, ye're surely gaun gyte. Ye're surely joking me a'the time?"

"Joking!" answered I, smoothing down my chin, which was geyan rough,—“Joking here or joking there, I should not think the settling of an only bairn, in an honourable way o' doing for all the days of his natural life, is any joking business. Ye dinna ken what ye're saying, woman. Barbers! i'fegs, to turn up your nose at barbers; did ever living hear such nonsense; but to be sure, one can blame nobody if they speak to the best of their experience. I've heard tell of barbers, woman, about London, that rode up this street, and down that other street, in coaches and four, jumping out to every one that halloo'd to them, sharpening razors both on stone and strap, at the ransom of a penny the pair; and shaving off men's beards, whiskers and all, stoop and roop, for a three-ha'-pence. Speak of barbers! it's all ye ken about it. Commend me to a safe employment, and a profitable. They may give others a nick, and draw blood, but catch them hurting themselves. They are not exposed to colds and rheumatics, from east winds and rainy weather; for they sit, in white aprons, plaiting hair into wigs for auld folks that have bell-pows, or making false curls for ladies that would fain like to look smart in the course of nature. And then they go from house to house, like gentlemen in the morning; cracking with maister this, or madam that, as they soap their chins with scented-soap, or put their hair up in marching order either for kirk or playhouse. Then, at their leisure, when they're not thrang at home, they can pare corns to the gentry, or give plowmen's heads the bicker-cut for a penny, and the hair into the bargain, for stuffing chairs with; and between us, who knows but that some genty Miss, fond of plays, poems, and novels, may fancy our Benjie, when he is giving her red hair a twist with the torturing irons.”



## THE BREHON LAWS.

MR. O'REILLY has written a 'Prize Essay,' which has been published by the Royal Irish Academy, on the ancient Laws of Ireland; and as the matters it treats of are curious, we shall condense it for the information of our readers, particularly as we have to found a few arguments by-and-by upon the conclusions deducible from Mr. O'Reilly's facts.

A translation of the *Brehon Laws* has been represented by some writers as a matter of extreme difficulty, and by others as a thing absolutely impossible. The late Charles O'Connor of Balanagar, whose authority, on subjects connected with Irish antiquities and literature, must always have considerable weight, has declared, that 'the Irish jurisprudence was almost entirely confined to the Phœnian dialect, a dialect understood only by the *Brehons*, and law-advocates, and a few who had the curiosity to study our language.'—He adds, 'I have had an opportunity of conversing with some of the most learned Irish scholars in our island, and they freely confessed to me, that to *them*, both the *text* and *gloss* were equally unintelligible. The key for expounding both was, so late as the reign of Charles the First, possessed by the Mac Egans, who kept their law-school in Tipperary, and I dread that since that time it has been lost.'\* Doctor Ledwich, although utterly ignorant of *every* dialect of the Irish language, fearlessly asserts that a translation of the *Brehon Laws* is 'a thing impossible.† These authorities, at first sight, might appear sufficient to persuade a man whose curiosity might be easily gratified, without the trouble of investigation, that an attempt to translate the *Brehon Laws* would be an unavailing experiment. Yet these authorities should not deter the Irish scholar from making the attempt. They are, in fact, to be considered as no authorities. Charles O'Connor does not say, that he himself had studied the *Brehon Laws*, and found by his own experience that they were not to be deciphered. He only says, that he was told by some Irish scholars that 'to *them* both *text* and *gloss* were equally unintelligible.' But

this is not sufficient to prove that they are equally so to all others. As for the assertion of Ledwich, that 'the thing is impossible,' it can have no weight with any person acquainted with the language, history, and antiquities of our country: who must perceive that the book, which he has miscalled the '*Antiquities of Ireland*,' is, from the beginning to the end, a mass of misrepresentation and falsehood, that proves nothing more than the self-sufficiency of its author, and its utter ignorance of the genuine History and Antiquities of Ireland.

It must be admitted, that a translation of the *Brehon Law* would be a work of considerable labour and difficulty; but to a man of industry and talent, who has a thorough knowledge of the ancient Irish language, the accomplishment of such a task is by no means impossible; nor would it, perhaps, be so difficult as at first view it may appear. The *text* of all our law books is in the Fenian dialect; but it is accompanied by an interlined *gloss*, which, in more modern language, explains the terms contained in it. Both *text* and *gloss* are, it is confessed, obsolete, and to the person who is acquainted with only the vulgar dialect of the modern Irish must be unintelligible; but to those whose knowledge of the ancient language is more extensive, the case is otherwise. When Mr. O'Connor wrote, there was no dictionary of the Irish language that contained above eighteen or twenty thousand words. A translation of the Irish laws would, at that time, be therefore attended with great labour and difficulty. But now that there is an Irish Dictionary containing upwards of fifty thousand words, many of which are extracted from the ancient laws, and from other very ancient manuscripts, it is submitted that the principal difficulty attending a translation of the *Brehon Laws* is removed.

That the Irish had *Breitheamhuin* (Brei-hoo-in, *i. e.* judges,) and *Reachtairidh* (Ragh-ta-ree, *i. e.* lawgivers), from the earliest period of their history, is asserted by all the native *Seanchaidheadh* (Shan-a-hee, *i. e.* historians and antiquaries). The Milesian colony, on their first landing in Ireland, were at-

\* Ledwich's *Antiquities*, edition 1803, page 303.

† *Ibid.* page 302.

tended by Amergin, in the quality of judge,\* and the office was never abolished as long as the Irish continued to be governed by their own laws. That the Irish laws were committed to writing, little doubt will be entertained by those who consider the great love for literature, for which the ancient Irish were so remarkable. It is well known, that they took the greatest possible pains in committing to writing the records of the nation, their pedigrees, and the productions of their bards; and surely it is not probable, that, whilst they were so careful in the preservation of these things, they were so silly as to neglect the preservation of their laws, upon which so much of the happiness and quiet of the people depended.

There is still extant an ancient Glossary of the Irish language, by some writers supposed to be written by Cormac Mac Art, monarch of Ireland, who commenced his reign A. D. 254, but by others more generally, and certainly with more truth, attributed to Cormac Mac Cullionan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, who was killed in the battle of *Beallach Mughna* (Balagh Moona) A. D. 908. In this tract reference is frequently made to the ancient laws, and the quotations from these institutes are numerous.

In the *Leabhar Gabhala* (Leavar Gawla) or book of Invasions, or Conquests, compiled by the O'Clerys, we find the following passage—'Ro ghabh tra ollamh Fodhla mac Fiacha Fionnscothaigh righe Eireann. As aire do gairthi Ollamh Fodhla de ar a bheith na righ agus na ollamh. Eochaidh a ched ainm. Do raghsat fir Eireann Ollamh in a righ uaiste, ar iomat a fheasa agus a fhoghloma, do chaimhed a reachta agus a riaghla, agus ar a chalmacht aga niomcosnamh i ceathaibh agus i ccongalaibh eachtrann. As e cedas do ordaigh toiseach ar gacha triocha ced; brughaidye ar gach baile agus a ffoghnamh uile do righ Erenn. As e cedna righ las a ndearna Fes Teamhrach amuir Ollamhain it Teamhraigh, &c.'—'Then Ollamh Fodhla (Ollav Folla) son of Fiacha Fionnscothaigh (Feeagha Finnscohay) took the sovereignty of Ireland.

The reason that they called him Ollav Folla was on account of his being a king and an *Ollav* (a professor or doctor.) His first name was Eohy. The men of Ireland elected Ollav as king over them, on account of the greatness of his knowledge and his learning, *to preserve their laws and regulations*, and on account of his valour to defend them in battles and in foreign wars. It was he who first ordained a chief over every district and a *Brughaidh* (Brooe) over every town, and all their services to the Monarch of Ireland. He was the first king by whom was held the Fes † of Tara, in the College of Professors in Tara, &c.'

The Monarch Ollav Folla ascended the throne of Ireland A. M. 3236, and reigned forty years. By the above quotation we see, that he not only promulgated laws himself, but that one cause of his being chosen by the people of Ireland to rule over them, was on account of his great knowledge and learning by which he might '*preserve the laws and regulations already established.*'

It would perhaps be unnecessary to produce further authorities from *native* Irish writers, to prove the existence of *written* laws in this country at an early period; but on this subject it may not be improper to cite the authorities of Archbishop Usher, Edward Lhwyd, author of the *Archæologia Britannica*, Sir James Ware, and Dr. Nicholson, Bishop of Derry. The first of these, in his '*Discourse showing when and how the imperial laws were received by the old Irish,*' says, 'The Irish never received the Imperial Law, but used still their own Brehon laws, which consisted partly of the ordinances enacted by their kings and chief governors, whereof THERE ARE LARGE VOLUMES STILL EXTANT IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.'

The learned Welsh antiquary, Edward Lhwyd, in a letter ‡ to the Royal Society, informs that learned body, 'that he had procured, in divers parts of Ireland, about twenty or thirty manuscripts on parchment; and though he consulted O'Flaherty, author of the *Ogygia*, one of the Irish critics, and several others,

\* See the *Leabhar Gabhala*, or book of Invasions, contained in the book of Leacan, and another of the same name compiled by Michael O'Cleary, and others.

† Fes, a parliament or assembly of the States of Ireland, held at the commencement of winter, in every third year.

‡ Published in Baddam's Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions, vol. 5. p. 492.

they could scarce interpret one page. What is most valuable among them," adds Mr. Lhwyd, 'are their old laws, which might give some light to the curious as to their national customs.' Several of those volumes, with memorandums in Mr. Lhwyd's handwriting, accounting for the manner in which he obtained them, are now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. These volumes were some years since presented to the library by Sir John Seabright, in the hope that the learned members of that college would cause some of the most valuable of them to be published, with literal translations, into English or Latin.\*

Sir James Ware, in the eighth chapter of his 'Antiquities of Ireland,'† says 'There are yet extant, as I have heard, some books in Irish, containing the laws of some of the ancient kings of Ireland before the coming of the English, which doubtless are very necessary to understand the government among the ancient Irish, AND DESERVE A FULL SEARCH.'

The Right Rev. Doctor Nicholson, Bishop of Derry, says,—'Our historians generally agree that there was, *very early*, a body of laws in this kingdom; and they do as unanimously allow that they grew up to maturity, from a very weak estate at first.—By the guidance of their law maxims, and other like rules, the *Brehons* (or judges) of several provincial kings, determined all controversies brought before them; and their general axioms were the *leges Brehonice*, whereof several specimens are to be seen in our public and private libraries. The most complete collection that we have of these is in the Duke of Chandos' library, and even this is far from being perfect. It contains twenty-two sheets and a half, close written in two columns; the former whereof is not quite legible, and full of abbreviated words. It puts me in mind of HOELDHA'S Laws; several copies whereof (that I have seen) are in the like condition: but as there is now an accurate edition of these in the press of London, so I am willing to hope that I may live to see the like care taken of our *Brehon laws*. This I dare promise the antiqua-

ries and historians of this kingdom, that (if they fall into the hands of as skilful a publisher as the Welsh laws are in) we shall have a very delightful and instructive view of many ancient rites and customs of this country, which, as yet, continue in the utmost darkness and obscurity.‡'—Again, speaking of the law books of the Irish, he says,—'Mr. Conroy can furnish out a very large addition to this stock. He has the decisions or reports of no fewer than thirty-three of our ancient Dempsters, the oldest whereof are judgments given in the first century after our Saviour's Incarnation, and the youngest in the tenth. For some of these he acknowledges himself indebted to Mr. P. Mahon, the present worthy Dean of Elphin.§

Here we have the authority of Cormac and others to show, that the Irish had laws long previous to his day; and we have the authority of candid and learned English writers to prove, that several volumes containing copies of those laws were extant so late as the beginning of the last century. The following pages will show, that, at the present day, there are in existence several copies of the same laws contained in manuscripts of great antiquity, in public and private libraries. We have also the authority of those liberal and learned writers to state, that the ancient laws of Ireland are 'capable of giving light to the curious, as to our national customs; that doubtless they are very necessary to understand the form of government among the ancient Irish, and deserve a full research;' and that, from a publication of them, 'we shall have a very delightful and instructive view of many ancient rites and customs of this country, which as yet continue in the utmost darkness and obscurity.'

For the existence of some of the ancient Irish written laws, so low as the reign of James the First, we have the authority of Sir John Davis, who, in his first letter to the Earl of Salisbury,|| mentions an ancient Roll, containing an account of the various articles payable to Maguire, Chief of Fermanagh, by the subordinate chieftains, or heads of tribes,

\* See Edmond Burke's letter to General Valancey.

† Folio edition, Dublin, 1705, page 23.

‡ Irish Historical Library, pp. 133, 134.

§ Ibid. Appendix, p. 245.

|| Historical Tracts, 8vo. Dublin, 1767, page 253.—Collect. de Reb. Hib. Vol. I. p. 1. May, 1828.



within his principality. The Roll was kept by O'Brislane, the principal Brehon of the country. It was written on both sides in a fair Irish character, and it was with great difficulty he could be prevailed upon to suffer it out of his hands to be copied.

But that the ancient Irish laws did exist, and were even in force, down to the days of James the First, does not depend upon individual authority; nor are there wanted proofs to show, that they were in some districts practised so late as the latter end of the unfortunate reign of the first Charles. To exclude those laws from the English pale, an act was passed in the parliament held in Kilkenny in the fortieth year of the reign of Edward the Third. By this act it appears, that the Irish laws had been pretty generally adopted by the English colonists in preference to those of their own native country. Hence it may be concluded, that these English conceived the Irish laws to be preferable to their own; and it may not be improper to remark, that in the Anglo-Irish Parliament held in the 33d and 35th years of Henry the Sixth, acts were passed making the English Chief, or head of a family, accountable for his sons and his dependants, and liable to be punished for any crimes they might happen to commit, in the same manner as the Irish laws made the whole tribe accountable for the crimes of any of its members. But the statutes of Kilkenny, it would appear, did not abolish the Irish laws, even amongst the English colonists; for instances are not wanted to show, that by those laws many of the great English settlers regulated their differences, so low down as the reign of Elizabeth. And from all the letters patent, bestowing or granting offices, during the entire reign of Charles the First, it is evident that even then the Irish laws were not totally abolished. For, in each of these patents, clauses are inserted, binding the patentee, under the forfeiture of his grant, and all the benefits to be derived from it, that 'he shall cause all his family, &c. to use the English language, and that he shall, as far as his power extends, abolish the *Brehon law*, and establish the common law of England.'

That the *Breithemhuin* (Bree-hoo-in)

or judges of the Irish were well skilled in the Canon law no doubt can be entertained; but this might have happened without the native laws having suffered any alteration. Hannibal Rosselli, a Calabrian author, quoted by General Vallancey,\* bears the following testimony to the skill of the ancient Irish in the Canon law. 'Olim homines illius Regionis plurimum intendebant Juri Pontificio, erantque optimi Canonistæ.' 'Formerly the inhabitants of this country applied themselves very much to the study of the pontifical law, and were the best skilled in the Canon law.'—Not having Rosselli's book at hand, the author of these pages cannot say from what authority he has made this assertion; but that the Irish judges were of necessity good Canonists, may be inferred from the ancient Irish laws. For, in those it is declared that the Brehon, who is able by his knowledge to decide causes in the three laws, viz. that of the *Feneachus*, or old law, of the *Filidheacht* (*Fillee-aght*) or Poetic law, and the *Breithe Leighinn* (*Bre-he Lay-in*) or Canon law, shall have more extensive privileges and more ample rewards, than if his practice were confined to one only of those branches.†

The ancient Irish laws are called, in the language of the country, by four different names, in the explanation of some of which some mistakes, it is submitted, have been made by modern authors. The names are as follow, viz.

I. SEANCHAS, i. e. SEANCHUIS, which the commentators on the laws explain by '*gach cuis shean acas gach cuis bheannas do na Seanaibh*,' 'every ancient law, and every law relating to the ancients.'

II. FENECHAS, or FEINECHUIS, which the commentators derive from '*Fene*' or '*Fine-chaoi-fhios*' i. e. *slighidh feasa Fine na hErenn, acas feasa a cuisi fos*; 'the way of knowledge of the people of Ireland, and also of their laws.' '*Oir is ainm do Erennchaibh Fene o Fhenuis farsaidh*' 'For *Fine* is a name of the Irish from (their ancestor) *Fenius farsaidh*.' The commentator further says, that some considered this word merely a variation in the spelling of the word *Seanchas* or *Seanachas*, by a *Ceannfho-chras* or change of initials, common in ancient Irish language.

\* Collectan. de Reb. Hib. Vol. III. p. xiv.

† See ancient Law-tract in the book of Ballimote, fol. 181.

III. DLIGHIDH BREITHEAMHUIN, i. e. *Judges' Laws*; commonly called Brehoon, or Brehon Laws.

IV. DLIGHIDH NEIMHIDH, i. e. *Laws of the degrees or ranks*. This title has been by O'Flaherty, in his 'Ogygia,' and by Doctor John Lynch, R. C. Archdeacon of Tuam, under the signature of *Gratianus Lucius*, in 'Cambrensis Eversus,' translated into Latin by '*Judicia Cælestia*;' and from them the late Charles O'Connor of Balanagar, in his valuable '*Dissertations on the History of Ireland*,' and most others who have mentioned those laws in their writings, call them 'Celestial Judgments.' General Vallancey, in the first volume of his '*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*,' says *Breith neimead* literally means 'the sentence of the law,' and he gives some fanciful derivations of the word *Neimead*, which never entered into the brain of the man who first used the term. But, notwithstanding the great reputation of all those learned Antiquaries, the author of these pages submits, that they have all mistaken the meaning of the word *Neimead*. In making this assertion he is supported by the authority of the laws themselves, and of other ancient documents. Amongst the Seabright collection of MSS. now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin,\* there is a passage in which the following is to be found: '*Cia Neimheadh is uaisle fil i talmain? Neimedh necla*' (*necla* for *neclasa*). Which are the superior degrees or ranks in the world? The degrees of the church. '*Cia Neimead is uaisle fil a neacl?*' Which is the superior degree in the church? *Neimead nEasp*. 'The degree of bishop.' Again, in the same library,† we find, in the laws respecting Bees, a Flaith or Prince, designated by the title of *Uasal Neimheadh*.—'*Beich ietthechta gaibhte a crann Uasail Neimheadh*,' 'Fugitive Bees found in the tree of an Uasal Neimheadh.' This title the commentator explains by a Flaith or Prince. Again, in the *Seanchas bheg* a very ancient code of laws, defining the rights and privileges of various ranks in society. We find a distinction made between the *Saer neimead* and the *Daer neimead*. By the first is meant a *So-fhir neimead*, i. e. a Neimead in good or easy

circumstances, a freeman; by the latter is meant, according to the commentator, a '*Do-fhir Neimead l* (*l.* a contraction for *no*) *Neimead duire l* (*no*) *dereoil*.' A Neimead in distress or poverty, who is obliged to labour for the service of another. Upon these authorities, the author of this Essay has no hesitation in asserting, that O'Flaherty, Lynch, O'Connor, and Vallancey, and all others who have followed them in calling the '*DLIGHIDH NEIMHEADH*,' '*Judicia Cælestia*,' 'celestial judgments,' or 'the sentence of the law,' have completely mistaken the meaning of the words, which should be rendered into English, 'laws of the degrees or ranks.'

To secure the impartial administration of justice, the law declares, that the rank of Brehon should not be given to any who had not *Tellach* (a household, possessions, &c.), and who paid not the legal retribution to the *Brughaidh* (*Broo-ee*), and also for the trespasses of his cattle, or for the waste and offences committed by his people. If a judge were convicted of partiality, or having wilfully pronounced an unjust decision, he was stigmatized with a welt or mark branded on his cheeks, as may be inferred from the following extract from the ancient Glossary of Cormac Mac Cuillionan, under the word *Ferb*. '*Ferb dan. i bolg do cuirther for gruadhaibh in duine iar nair, no iar ngubreith*.' *Ferb*, moreover, is a blister (welt or seam) inflicted on the cheeks of a man after contemptuous abuse, or after a false decision. Again, in a law-tract in the college library, which the late General Vallancey mistranslated and published,‡ we find the following: '*Bearthaidh Sencha cetbrethach bantellach ar fertellach comdar Ferba fulachta for a ghruaidhe iar cillbreathach*.' '*Sencha* gave the first decision, that female property was equal to male property; so that he suffered a brand on his cheek, after his unjust judgment.'

That the Brehons had lands assigned to them for their support is attested by Camden, in whose days they were in full employment in Ireland. 'The Irish,' says he, 'have their Judges, and they always have successors, to each of whom a farm is assigned.'§

\* Class H. No. 54, page 17.

† Collect. de Reb. Hib. Vol. iii. p. 84.

‡ Class H. No. 54.

§ Britan. Amstel. edit. p. 686.

There are a variety of ancient laws still extant, which were well calculated to protect property, to reward merit, to discountenance vice, and to encourage virtue. There was no class of people, from the highest to the lowest, but were amenable to justice, nor was there one law for the rich and another for the poor; but to all justice was administered with impartiality. To prevent extortion, the prices of almost every article were regulated by law, even to the value of labour and the fees to physicians.

By a law tract in the college library,\* the prices of a variety of articles are determined. A part of this tract has been published by the late General Vallancey;† but what he has given as a translation is, in many places, not at all like the original. It may, however, serve to give the reader, who does not understand the Irish language, some idea of the nature of its contents. Appendant to a large volume of considerable antiquity, on the practice of medicine, in the collection of the writer of this essay, there is a law tract prescribing the fees to be paid to physicians upon the recovery of the patients from sickness, and regulating other matters connected with the professions of surgery and medicine. How liberally the practitioners in these sciences were to be rewarded upon the recovery of their patients, the following extract from the beginning of that tract will show.—‘Bre-

*tha Crolige. Cis lir ro suidiged crolige la fee? co direnaiter, co errenaiter, co ottruitter. Direnar crolige mbais caich fomiad. Da secht Cumal crolige cach righ agus cach epscop. Secht cumal agus leth Croilige cehtar de in da airigh forgill istaire, iunn ota airig nard conig irech atuisi. Vii cumal croilige cach airech tuisi, agus cach airech desa corige bo airech. Teora cumal crolige cach bo airech acas cach oc airech. Di cumal crolige cach flescach acas cach mogadh.*—‘Law of sickness. What is established relating to the cure of sickness? That it be satisfied for, that amends shall be made for it, that it be rewarded. Every honourable lord satisfies for the cure of death sickness,’ (*i. e.* sickness in which there is danger of death;) ‘twice seven Cumals,‡ for healing the sickness of every king and of every bishop. Seven Cumals and a half for the curing of either of the two inferior *Airechforgill*; the same satisfaction from the *Airechard* down to the *Aireach tuisi*; seven Cumals for cure from every *Airech tuisi* and every *Airech desa* down to the *Bo Airech*. Three Cumals for the healing of every *Bo Airech* and every *Oc Airech*. Two Cumals for the cure of a rustic or slave.’

In the laws relating to women,§ the penalties they incur for crimes, and the *Ericks* or mulcts paid for injuries done to them, are divided amongst certain persons of their tribes in established proportions.

#### LOUGH LANE.¶

BY D. S. L.

CHILD of wave-beauty!—beaming light  
Of story to the poet's soul,  
When day dreams of the deep and bright,  
O'er his enraptur'd fancy roll.  
LOUGH LANE! how Inspiration fills  
The chambers of her mystic mind,  
With the old glory of thy hills  
That spread their shadows to the wind;  
While every curl upon thy spray,  
Flinging to Heaven its pearly foam,  
Rolls glad, as in the olden day,  
When Erin was the stranger's home!  
Oh! thou art beautiful and fair—  
Wooing the kisses of the air—  
And as the red sun stoops to rest  
Upon the pillow of thy breast,  
With thy green isles, in beauty glowing,  
And the white waters round them flowing,

\* Class H. No. 34.

† Collect. de Reb. Hib. Vol. I.

‡ A cumal was three cows, or the value thereof.

§ MSS. in the Library of Trinity College. Class H. No. 34.

¶ From a national Poem, about to be published.



Calmly and gently, as the sound  
 Of harp-strings o'er enchanted ground.  
 Oft would I love to linger by  
 This azure mirror of the sky !  
 When evening's mantle on the cloud,  
 Throws o'er the world a rosy shroud ;  
 And Contemplation, from its cave,  
 Glides on the twilight of the wave :  
 Then would the poet cast aside  
 The heart's high majesty of pride ;  
 And kneeling by the mountain stone,  
 Forget what sorrow he has known ;  
 While springing to the hopes that woo it,  
 The soul forgets that woes pursue it.  
 Heaven sleeps in purple and the lake  
 With poetry is still awake,  
 While the mild eye of feeling smiles,  
 O'er the soft slumber of its isles.  
 Yes ! holy spot—thou hermit cell,  
 Where modest nature loves to dwell ;  
 Oh ! thou wert Eden to the spirit,  
 Whose hopes are rent from joy apart ;  
 Whose only bliss is to inherit  
 Life's cold singleness of heart.  
 And while the thoughts of youth come o'er  
 The breast that they must sooth no more ;  
 Ah ! I could wish that it were mine,  
 To spend my wither'd age with thee,  
 While ev'ry vale and glen, a shrine  
 To banish'd memories should be.  
  
 My song should hallow every dell  
 With music's most bewildering spell ;  
 And the full echo o'er the spray,  
 Should be a chorus to my lay.  
  
 Flow on, flow on, for *thee* the morrow  
 Will ever bring a morn of light ;  
 E'en from the west thy waves shall borrow  
 A bounding thrill of new delight.  
 The very storm that shakes the earth,  
 In the dread labours of its birth,  
 Shall sweep unheeded o'er the free  
 And glorious empire of the sea ;  
 And when its tempest-reign is sped,  
 And youthful brows are with the dead,  
 Thou yet shall be as fair and wild,  
 Creation's undecaying child !  
 To gaze upon thy starless wave,  
 Warm in the veil the sunset gave ;  
 And saunters 'neath the twilight shadow  
 That melts upon each sunny meadow,  
 Then meditation's pure revealing  
 Comes on the soul with holiest feeling.  
 Oh, then it is the hour ' to scan  
 The labyrinth of the heart of man,'  
 And leaving earth and care behind,  
 To watch the workings of the mind.  
 Lough Lane ! sweet lake, for ever be,  
 The same lov'd home of joy to me :  
 And as the birds of summer sing,  
 Farewell unto the parting spring ;  
 May thy wild waves and legend shores  
 Unfold to me their treasured stores !

THIS gentleman claims kindred with the Crokers of Devonshire. A branch of this respectable family removed to Ireland in the time of Oliver Cromwell, from whom they received extensive grants of land in the counties of Waterford, Limerick, and Cork. Mr. Croker, however, was the son of a younger son, and is therefore solely indebted for his success in life to his own unassisted exertions. His father was for many years surveyor-general of Dublin; and, in the discharge of the duties of his irksome office, contrived to give general satisfaction. His son, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1781; and, having acquired the elements of literature at a day-school, was, at the age of sixteen, sent to complete his studies at Trinity College, Dublin.

At this period the Historical Society was in full vigour, and Mr. Croker was distinguished as one of the most expert rhetoricians that engaged in the wordy war. The society voted him their first gold medal.

Destined for the profession of the law, Mr. Croker, in 1800, was entered a student of Lincoln's Inn; and, after the usual probation, was called to the Irish bar. His success was such as generally attracts young and unfriended barristers; but Mr. Croker amused his unprofitable leisure hours by wooing the muse. In 1803, he published 'Familiar Epistles to J. F. Jones, Esq.' They related to contemporary dramatists and performers, whose names and modes of acting were familiar to the admirers of the Irish stage. The pungency of the satire, the keenness of the irony, the justness of the remarks, and the elegance of the verse, quickly rendered the work popular. It ran through several editions in a few months; and, as generally happens under such circumstances, it produced innumerable imitations. Although published anonymously, it was generally attributed, at the time, to Mr. Croker.

In 1805 appeared one of the most exquisite satires of modern times, for which we are also indebted to Mr. Croker. 'An Intercepted Letter from China' ridicules, in the most happy vein of irony, the corporation and fashionable people of Dublin, and excited, at the

time, a great deal of curiosity respecting the author. Under a pretence of describing Canton, it depicts the local peculiarities of the city of Dublin, and in all probability led to many of those local improvements which have since taken place.

In 1806 Mr. Croker led to the hymeneal altar the eldest daughter of William Pennell, Esq. of the county of Waterford, and in the following year he was invited by the inhabitants of Downe to offer himself as a candidate to represent them in parliament. At the first contest he was unsuccessful, but parliament being almost immediately dissolved, he again offered himself to the electors of Downe, and was, after a long trial before a committee of the house, declared duly elected.

He had not been long in the house when an occasion offered for the display of his oratorical powers. The Duke of York might be said to be then on his trial before the country; and though he had many friends in parliament who sought to defend or palliate his conduct, the most successful was Mr. Croker. The speech which he delivered in exculpation of the noble Duke was not more remarkable for the ingenuity of its arguments, than for the clearness of its arrangements; and the sense entertained by his royal highness of Mr. Croker's service, has been supposed to have facilitated that gentleman's entrance into office. In 1809 he was elevated to the important situation of secretary to the admiralty; the duties of which he has since continued to discharge.

Mr. Croker has distinguished himself on several occasions as a friend to the measure of Catholic Emancipation. In an elaborate work, entitled 'Sketch of the Present State of Ireland,' published in 1807, he advocates the Catholic claims; and, though we dissent from many of his opinions broached in that production, we must do Mr. Croker the justice to observe, that throughout his public life he was perfectly consistent on this great question; and it is a proof of the growing liberality of the times to find such a man returned as a representative for the University of Dublin.

Besides the works already enumerated,

Mr. Croker is also the reputed author of several papers in the 'Quarterly Review;' and, some years since, he published that very popular little work, 'Stories from the History of England,' in which high aristocratic principles are inculcated.

#### THE LAST OF THE GREEKS.\*

For one lord who can write there are so many who cannot, that we wonder any of them try. A man like Lord Byron does not appear more than once in a thousand years. It takes not only a most extraordinary power of genius, but a combination of circumstances, which, upon all the principles of chance, must be of very rare occurrence to enable a man to break through the difficulties which rank and wealth throw in the way of intellectual exertion. Why should lords write? We cannot imagine any rational answer to so simple a question. We could give a thousand on the contrary. In the first place, for a reason like that one of thirteen which prevented the commandant from taking the fort—because they cannot—because they don't know enough—because their wit, such as it is, is crammed into them as pullets are fed: they are spared as much as may be the trouble of thinking: they are brought up to have much help in all things: they are taught to be content with mediocrity in wit and sense, provided it is smoothed over with a certain polish. All these things are wholly destructive of any hope that they shall be able to write what any other body cares to read. Pains and patience, travail, devotedness, retirement—often the stern goad of necessity—these are the inducements to write. These, and the thirst after that fame which is not a whit like the vanity that makes a lord scribble verses, whether blank or jingling—the desire to raise himself to that place in the estimation of the universe to which his genius entitles him, and of which fortune cannot rob him—these bring out the powers which lie, like gems in a submarine cavern, within the heart of man. But as it is not possible, so it is not necessary that lords should write. There are twenty other things they can do: they may make speeches in the House of Commons, where any body who has the gift of prating may talk now-a-days: they may turn cotton boxes—or sketch landscapes—or act as chairmen at the Quarter Sessions, and in their mercy sentence a labouring man to fourteen years' transportation because he has not profited so much by the example of his betters as to refrain from a temptation when it falls in his way. But to write a tragedy—oh, gods! a task under which the most brilliant powers that ever graced humanity labour and groan in spirit, and confess that it is the very last and sublimest production of earthly wit—such a task to be ventured on by a lord! But so it is.

The subject is one which has been tried by

all kinds of writers—the fall of Constantinople. In Lord Morpeth's manner of treating it there is no invention whatever, no use whatever made of the stirring circumstances that attended the fall of that last hold of Greek freedom. The besieging Turks send their last offers to Constantine, which he rejects; an assault is made which is successful, the city is taken, and the emperor killed. Now this is really all the business of the tragedy. Then, by way of variety, the noble author has introduced a little love. Evanthe, the daughter of Phranza, an officer of state, meets the emperor on the night before the assault. As they are all to be destroyed in the morning, the emperor takes this opportunity, *à propos des bottes*, to tell her that he loves her: she replies, in the politest manner possible, that she is excessively obliged to him, and is his very humble servant. The scene is conducted just as it would be by a justice of the peace—my Lord Morpeth may be himself the great original he draws—who had flopped his affections upon any tidy young housekeeper. But then, as the course of true love never does run smooth, these two very civil personages are interrupted by a bullying Genoese, Justiniani, who, being drunk, behaves rudely to Evanthe in the streets, and the emperor, who comes in opportunely, instead of giving him in charge to a constable, lets the Italian threaten him to his beard, upon which the great Constantine humbly departs. The next day, when the fight is at the thickest, Justiniani being wounded, leaves the defence, and will not return at the emperor's most abject and whining intreaty, and all but kicks the last of kings. After this the Turks have it all their own way. Constantine is killed, and Evanthe is lodged in the church of St. Sophia, with the other female Christians, until the Turks shall divide their prizes, and thus the tragedy ends.

A more 'tolerable and not to be endured' piece of work we have seldom seen. There is rarely a poetical thought or a happy expression from one end of it to the other. The action is meagre and uninteresting, the characters most unnatural, and drawn with a very feeble hand—that of Constantine is the merest schoolboy trash that was ever exhibited. We thought Lord John Russell pretty bad (to be sure Lord Carlisle went before, and he was worse); then came Lord Porchester; and now Lord Morpeth. We'll read no more. From this day we read no more lords' tragedies.

\* *The Last of the Greeks; or, the Fall of Constantinople. A Tragedy.* By Lord Morpeth. 8vo. London, 1828. Ridgway.



That our readers may judge for themselves of the style of the tragedy, which is, as far as construction goes, correct enough, for that may be taught at Eton or any where else, we give the best scene in the play—the best beyond all comparison—that in which the Turkish envoys carry the ultimatum.

*Ism.* The Lord of nations, and the King of kings,  
The vicar of the one and only God,  
And of his holy Prophet upon earth,  
Our mighty Sultan, Mahomet the Second,  
To the Greek Prince of Constantinople, thus  
Speaks forth his sovereign pleasure.

*Lasc.* Shall I strike  
The mad blasphemer down?

*Const.* Peace, good Lascaris,  
And let us hear him patiently. Say on.

*Ism.* Mine are the kingdoms which thy fathers ruled,  
Mine are the seas on which thy navies sailed,  
And mine the armies on a thousand plains.  
My arm is stretched above thee; in my grasp  
Thyself, thy city, and thy provinces,  
Are placed; and if I speak the word, I crush thee.  
Yet if thou wilt implore my power to spare,  
I grant thee three alternatives of safety:  
Embrace them, or reject them, as thou wilt.

*Const.* Name the conditions.

*Ism.* Acknowledge Mahomet  
Thy rightful sovereign by the laws of conquest;  
Be first among his tributaries:  
And for his gracious sufferance to worship  
God in the darkened faith thy fathers taught thee,  
Pay every year what in this scroll is marked.

*[Delivers a scroll.]*

*Const.* Answer thy Sultan, that I know not how  
An empty treasury, a starving people,  
Could e'er supply the sum that he demands.  
But further tell him, were the added wealth  
Of Europe and of Asia ours to give him,  
The produce of each realm that e'er obeyed  
The sceptre of my great progenitors,  
Constantinople scorns the name of tribute.  
And bounded as is now her flight of empire,  
The Roman eagle ne'er shall stoop so low  
In base submission to the Moslem crescent.

*Ism.* Hear what his mercy next vouchsafes to yield;  
To every Greek a free and full permission  
To leave their native city, to embark  
Their wives, their children, and their property,  
And seek some other shore in peace and safety.

*Const.* What, leave our city! leave Constantinople!  
Does he not know then, vain unhappy man,  
The thrilling magic in the name of a country?  
The sons of rapine that infest his ranks,  
The wandering Tartar, and the houseless Turkman,  
May leave without a pang their barren wilds,  
To wanton in the sunny plains of Greece.  
But educated man, endowed with reason,  
Clings with an off-spring's fondness to the land  
That saw his birth, and holds his father's ashes.  
Let loose then all your dark reserves of wrath;  
Butcher our citizens, and raze our homes;  
We'll find a grave among our country's ruins:  
For, oh! I feel, my own thrice beauteous city,  
That I can die for thee, but not desert thee.

*Car. (aside)* How his words move me! Pardon, Emperor,  
That youth like mine should dare to interpose.

Your thoughts are noble, and bespeak a soul;  
Albeit a foe, I cannot but admire.

But ere it be too late, reflect awhile  
Upon the city's lone and lost condition:  
No progress made—your numbers thinned each day—  
And e'en the remnant scantily supplied—  
Want, mutiny, disease, all thickening round,  
Nor yet one possible hope of late deliverance.

*Const.* I thank ye, courteous stranger; but one thing  
Survives e'en hope itself, and that is, honour.

*Car.* Honour can ne'er demand our country's ruin.

*Const.* No, but it counts no ruin like disgrace.

*Car.* By numbers overpowered, the bravest yield.

*Const.* But court the danger when their choice is insult.

I know our risk is great, and our hope must be  
Most, as it ought, in Heaven. But look around,  
I am not all deserted on the earth;

There lives a remnant of the sons of Greece,  
Who feel for what a land they fight; my guard,  
My own imperial guard, still cleave to me.  
Behold Albania's bowmen; and see here  
The lances of my Latin chivalry.

Hast thou forgot the day—who could forget—  
When five adventurous barks, with their stout crews,  
Burst through your crowded navy? From the shore,  
Where on his steed, secure of victory,  
As at some costly spectacle he sat,  
Your Sultan saw, and maddened as he saw,  
The foul defeat; while from her ramparts Greece  
Beheld the triumph, and dismissed her sorrows.

*Car.* But think within these walls—

*Const.* Hast thou forgot  
Huniades and Scanderbeg still live,  
And live to conquer, as they oft have done?  
The clans of Hungary still brood revenge;  
Nay more, religious faction is asleep;  
The holy father of the Roman church  
(This reverend Cardinal will be my witness)  
Has deigned to consecrate our pious warfare.  
The united call will wake the western world,  
Range at our side the hardy Russian tribes,  
In honour's cause rouse France's gallant nobles,  
And arm for Greece the fearless sons of Britain.

*Ism.* Peace, Carazes; you only swell their pride.

If they are obstinate on their undoing,  
On their own heads be it. Yet one choice remains;  
Give it thy answer, and we then depart.  
Embrace the Prophet's faith, the Koran's creed,  
And be our friends and equals; share our reign,  
Honoured of men and favourites of Heaven.

*Const.* My friends, my countrymen, my fellow Christians,

Now are we humbled and abased indeed.  
The worshippers of Mahomet have asked us  
To change our faith, and we have lived to hear it.  
Oh! may our swords at least give fitting answer.  
I must away with courtesy's tame forms  
And phrases; I must tell thee, infidel,  
How my soul sickens at thy faith, thy Prophet,  
And all his creed of blood and sensual joys.  
Ye first have called on us to pay ye tribute;  
That touched our honour. Ye next bade us leave  
Our country; that twined around our hearts.  
Now ye would make us sacrifice religion,  
The God we worship, and the Heaven we hope for.  
Back to thy master; tell him that the men  
He dares insult, but shall not trample on,  
Reject his offers, care not for his friendship,  
Heed him not, fear him not, and do defy him.